WITH OUR READERS

Relieving the Farmer

To the Editor: *Chase City, Va.*

SIR—Appreciating your efficient championship of one certain worthy cause, I beg to call your attention to another—the growing distress here in the South from *lack of food.*

There have been two years of successive crop-failures, 1929 having yielded badly by reason of excessive rainfall and other conditions, and 1930 having been even worse by reason of drought, hail, etc., so that the main "money crop"—tobacco—which at best gives but a small net profit, has, this past year, not yielded enough gross profit to pay for fertilizer used to make it grow; while other farm products, as well as vegetables, fruits, etc., have been almost *nil.* The custom down here, for many years, has been for the farmers to get all supplies on credit during the farming season, and to pay for them in the fall, when the crops were marketed (an admittedly bad custom, but so arranged by long habit) and the average farmer, having practically no gross returns from his 1930 crop, finds himself today with two years' debt staring him in the face, no credit left, no cash wherewith to purchase clothing, and—the far more sinister lack of cash wherewith to buy necessary food for his family; not to speak of his inevitable taxes.

This situation has been fully explained to our government officials. The Federal Farm Board, as picked by Mr. Hoover, has, with the aid of various politicians, established a remarkable series of remedial measures, and thus, doubtless, considers its responsibilities discharged. They have bought several million bushels of wheat (which may have been grown in the North, in Canada, or in Russia—for all that we know) and are still playing with it. They secured a temporary reduction in freight rates, "in order to facilitate shipment of stock *out* of the drought area, and of stock-food *into* it"; though just what good this might bring to distressed farmers, who had neither any money with which to buy outside fodder nor any stock to ship outside, it is difficult to discover. They went further, and advised the farmers that they "felt sure" that they would not be victimized by profiteers in the purchase of high-priced feed; which has been a highly valuable and admirable assurance, but which has not yet been confirmed by results. This Board has also apparently arranged for loans to the farmer; forgetting, apparently, that thousands of impoverished farmers have no collateral with which to supply the necessary security for such loans. In general, the Farm Board has done nothing to assist southern farmers, and the criticism recently passed upon the Board by a big western farmer (to the effect that the Board will be found useless, because not one of them knew anything about farming) is lamentably true.

Again, during the last sixty days, as the teeth of winter set a little bit closer, lack of food becomes constantly more pressing, and all sorts of requests for immediate aid have been sent to all officials of the government. Mr. Drewry of

(Please Turn to Page 160)

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOLUME 157
NUMBER 4

January 28, 1931

With Our Readers 121
Frontispiece: A Cartoon by *Robert James Malone* 122

THE TREND OF EVENTS 123

Editorial
The Wickersham Report 130

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 131

ARTICLES

Blessed Are the Pure in Heart ..... *Rebecca West* 132
Our Failing Banks ..... *Frederick R. Barkley* 134
Profits from Peace in China ..... *Grover Clark* 137
Why I Hate Hollywood ..... *Patterson McNutt* 140
The Country Store Survives ..... *Charles Morrow Wilson* 142
What About Wages? ..... *William O. Scroggs* 144
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 145
Re-Enter Benes of Czechoslovakia ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 146

THE LEISURE ARTS

Speaking of Books 147
The Week's Reading ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* and *Virgilia Peterson Ross* 147
Religion's Voice ..... *Edmund B. Chaffee* 149
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 150
Gramophonia ..... *O. C.-T.* 150
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 151
The Theatre ..... *Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 152
Prose and Worse ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 153
From the Life ..... *Diana Rose* 154
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ..... *W. R. Brooks* 155

Next Week in the Outlook

Law Breakers in High Office, by William Pickett Helm.

Honest John Citizen—the man in the street—is not the only violator of the law, the author maintains, no matter how many times he breaks the speed limit. Even the law makers and law enforcers are constantly violating his constitutional rights. Soon, Mr. Helm suggests, there may be no rights left.

Back in the Jungle, by Rebecca West.

The ridiculous uproar attending the publication of a well-known letter telling of one of Robert Burns's love affairs moves Miss West to contemplate the foibles of the human mind which, she asserts, "has hardly moved one hundred years from its old place in the jungle."

Croesus and Corinthian, by Lucius Beebe.

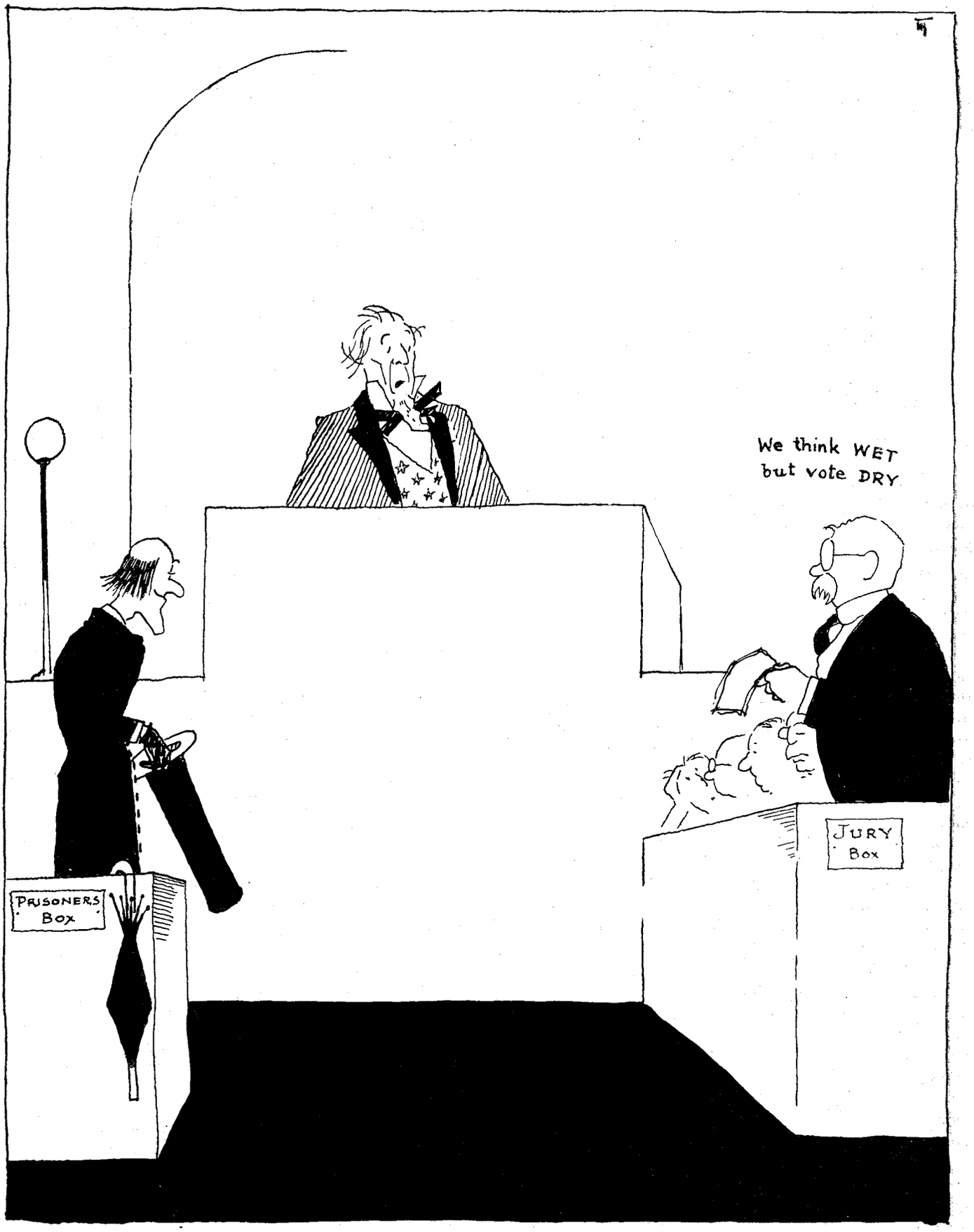
A portrait of "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton," and master of one of the country's three largest fortunes—Andrew Mellon.

Good-bye to H. G. Wells, by C. Hartley Grattan.

Mr. Grattan reviews the philosophy of the author of *The Outline of History* and explains why Mr. Wells's influence is diminishing, particularly with the younger generation.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT. January 28, 1931. Volume 157, Number 4. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21. 1893, at the Post Office at New York. N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the Outlook Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



INTERESTING RESULTS OF A "SEARCHING INVESTIGATION OF FACT AND CAUSE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

January 28, 1931

The Trend of Events

Help the Red Cross

HUNDREDS of thousands of men, women and children, living in twenty or more states racked by drought and depression, lack food, heat and clothing. The fundamental problem is how to get ample relief to them most quickly. We therefore believe that Congress should pass Senator Robinson's measure appropriating $25,000,000 for the Red Cross.

However, at this writing it was questionable whether Congress would pass this measure, and probable that, if it did, the President would veto it. Mr. Hoover opposes the appropriation of federal money for the Red Cross even to meet "a national emergency," as he himself calls it in a letter to fifty-seven prominent citizens. He believes that "we should maintain the sound American tradition and a spirit of voluntary aid." Hence he has asked these fifty-seven citizens to form a committee to assist the Red Cross in raising $10,000,000 from the public.

It strikes us that, whether one favors or opposes a federal appropriation, the present fund-raising campaign of the Red Cross deserves enthusiastic support. Arguments over methods of providing the relief come second. The important thing is that the relief be provided. We cannot wait for a federal appropriation to the Red Cross, for it is probable that none will be made. It is therefore the duty of those who can give to the Red Cross to give as much as they can as soon as they can.

Shying from a Dole

WE HAVE, nevertheless, little patience with arguments that it is not the government's business to relieve wholesale misery among American citizens. As often as not, these arguments are insincere. They are part of the political effort to minimize the severity of the present emergency and to belittle any relief project which even remotely suggests a dole.

Thus the Administration-controlled House defeated the Senate's proposal that $15,000,000 be appropriated which farmers might borrow for the purchase of food. That would be a dole! said the House, and shuddered. Yet the House did not hesitate to appropriate $45,000,000 which farmers may borrow for the purchase of fodder. The farmer, therefore, cannot obtain federal money to buy food for a hungry child, but can obtain it to buy food for a hungry mule.

Again we are told that it would be contrary to precedent for the federal government to appropriate money to the Red Cross to feed starving Americans. Those who take this position like to forget that federal appropriations were made to aid the distressed in the San Francisco earthquake, that following the War Congress appropriated $100,000,000 to feed starving Germans and that in 1921 Herbert Hoover asked for a federal appropriation of $20,000,000 to feed starving Russians.

But what if it were against all precedent for the government to loan or give away money for food relief? It was against all precedent to appropriate $400,000,000 to raise and fix wheat and cotton prices for the sole purpose of increasing the farmer's income—or, if you choose, of providing him with an indirect dole—but that did not prevent the government from doing so.

The fact is, private, voluntary relief measures are good as far as they go. The further fact, the arousing fact, is that they have not gone half far enough.

Missouri Mob Murder

THERE was nothing surprising about the lynching of Raymond Gunn at Maryville, Missouri. To escape the lynchers, Gunn, a thick-lipped Negro held for the murder of a young white woman who taught school four miles from Maryville, had been whisked from one jail to another. Yet the lynchers persisted. They gathered in Maryville on the day he was to be arraigned, seized him as he was being carried to court, marched him to the schoolhouse, chained him to the roof and burned him to death. The parade of the lynchers was followed by a crowd in autos. A thousand people stood by as the Negro was burned, some men, some women, some laughing, some hooting, some supplying gasoline from their cars. Photographs show that the lynchers were low-class Missourians. They came from counties which have supported a Ku Klux Klan. The lynching was their idea of justice, the typically low-class southern idea of justice. They merely ran true to type.

Likewise, there was nothing surprising about Sheriff Harvre England, who let the mob take Gunn from him without a struggle, did not use his revolver, and refused to call out the sixty National Guardsmen, assembled in the armory a block away. They were young men and they had automatic pistols but England said he did not feel like "sending them against the crowd." The streets and stores were full of mature men but England did not feel like deputizing any of them to help him recover his prisoner. He did not feel like doing anything but going home to bed. Next day he refused to start a prosecution, though he admitted that he had seen faces he knew in the mob. The sheriff, too, ran true to type, like his deputies who did nothing,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like the patrolman who directed traffic for the mob at the schoolhouse, like the chief of police who was on hand when the prisoner was seized.

Again, there was nothing surprising about the refusal of the Missouri House of Representatives to entertain a motion condemning the mob and the county officials for not resisting it. The Representatives knew their constituencies. They acted in the typical southern manner, as did Governor Caulfield who asked for a report on the lynching. Southern governors are always willing to hear reports on lynchings. Whitewash doesn't bother them.

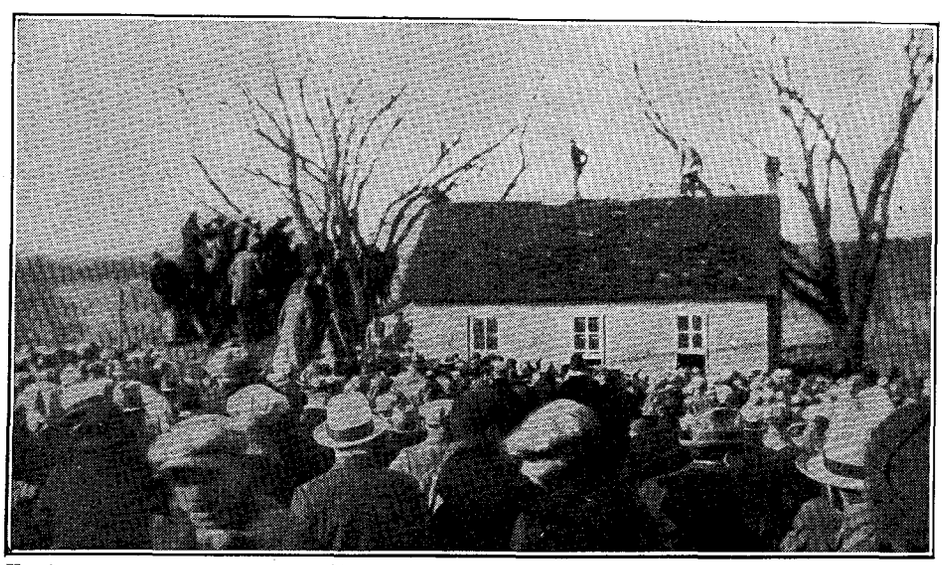
So there was nothing surprising about the lynching from first to last. There will be nothing surprising about it unless the ringleaders of the Maryville mob are identified, indicted, convicted and sentenced to prison. That would be very surprising indeed.

▷▷*Fish Committee Reports*

It is disheartening to think that any congressional investigating committee would or could submit so shabby and stupid a report as that turned in by the House committee of Red-detectors. Still, it is just what might have been expected. Headed by Representative Fish, who fathered the idea, the committee set out last July with a hopelessly prejudiced viewpoint, apparently determined to magnify the so-called menace of the American Communist movement, to obscure the fact that it is no menace at all but a pitiful failure, to use the hearings for personal glorification and political advancement and to sidestep opportunities to reach or report the unadorned, unsensational truth. A committee which started as this one started could only end as this one ended.

First, how many American Communists are there? The committee itself admits that the "total number of dues-paying Communists in the United States does not exceed 12,000," or one-ten-thousandth of our population. But, says the committee, that figure does not indicate their real strength. Very well then, what figure does? Certainly one can put no trust in the committee's statement that "there are possibly 500,000 or 600,000 Communists and active sympathizers," including "several hundred thousand [how many hundred thousand?] in the Youth Movement under voting age." To be sure, if there are that many, there is but one American Communist to every 240 non-Communists, but there is no good reason for believing that there are that many.

The committee bases its estimate on the fact that 100,000 votes were cast for Communist candidates in the 1930 elections and on "the consensus of the witnesses that 70 per cent of the Communists in this country are aliens and, therefore, cannot vote." These are the same witnesses whose estimates on the number of American Communists, according to the report, "have ranged from 50,000 to 2,000,000," and might as well have ranged from five hundred to five billion. Again, the fact that 100,000 voters supported Communist tickets in 1930, a year of intense political protest and disaffection, throws little or no light on the number of genuine American Communists. The committee has simply failed to perform its fundamental job, that of determining how many Communists there are. In place of an accurate report, it gives us a reckless guess.



Keystone

MARYVILLE TAKES A HOLIDAY
Missouri lynching mob preparing to chain Negro to roof of schoolhouse

▷▷*And How!*

It is not, however, in its estimate on the extent of the Communist problem but in its fourteen recommendations to solve it that the recklessness of the Fish committee appears most clearly. One part of the report declares that "the surest and most effective way of combating Communism in the United States is to give the fullest possible publicity to the fundamental principles and aims of the Communists," since "they are not likely to prove acceptable to any considerable number of American citizens." Yet when the committeemen wrote their recommendations they ignored their own dictum and set out to eradicate the Communists as so many boll weevils.

Say this for the first recommendation—to enlarge the authority of the Department of Justice so as to provide for constant investigation of the Communists—it would at least save the nation from another Fish investigation. But as for some of the other recommendations, their like has never been seen before. Deliberately, without the vestige of a smile, the committeemen ask for the immediate deportation of "all alien Communists." That is—referring back to the committee's own figures on the number of American Communists—they solemnly ask for the immediate deportation of hundreds of thousands of men, women and children. A scatterbrained proposal, if ever there was one.

But the committeemen do not stop there. They would go further and "cancel" the citizenship of all Communists, thereby, we presume, making them all aliens, fit for deportation. For the Communists remaining in the United States (but how could any remain?) the committee proposes laws declaring their publications non-mailable, declaring their party "illegal," declaring it to be "excluded from or denied recognition as a political entity."

Proposals like these defy serious treatment. We do not say that Congress should refuse to pass the bills embodying them. We say that Congress should refuse even to debate or consider the bills embodying them.

▷▷*Bow, De Voe—Oh!*

If you have discovered the new poet, Ogden Nash, accounts of the Clara Bow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fracas probably ran through your mind something like this:

Said Clara Bow
To Daisy De Voe,
"Look out; I've gotches
On trial for swiping money and diamond wrist watches."

In came Rex Bell
And Hollywood Banking Official Benjamin O'Dell;
Torrid telegrams were read from Dr. Earl Pierson and Cooper (Gary)
And it seems Miss Bow gave a $2,000 diamond ring to Richman (Harry).

Said Clara Bow,
"You'll be punished for stealing my riches."
Said Daisy De Voe,
"That'll do from you. One more slam in the papers and you're through in talking pitches."

But to those who are not Nash-minded the troubles of the "It" girl, Clara Bow, and her discharged hairdresser-secretary, Daisy De Voe, have made hard reading. Miss De Voe is said to have demanded $125,000 to keep Miss Bow's secrets. Instead of yielding, Clara entered charges of theft against Daisy and some of the secrets have come out. A presumably palpitant public has been informed that its idol plays poker, patronizes bootleggers, receives impassioned telegrams, hennas her hair, buys expensive gifts for her men admirers and so on, in a senseless procession of Bow, De Voe; Bell, O'Dell; tum-te-tum, ho-hum.

Meanwhile, Miss Bow loses her rôle in a forthcoming film and those who wish to be are again reminded that Hollywood is an improbable place where all sorts of people make too much money too easily. A few months, and all the great movie-going public will remember is that Movie-Moralist Will H. Hays is still commandingly in his heaven and that the "It" girl is just around the corner in the most enthralling, daring, sensational, billion-dollar super-sex-film ever heard of.

▶▶*Lucas Cornered*

Former Governor Smith has reopened the case of Public vs. Robert H. Lucas, director of the Republican National Committee and of the snide, undercover campaign against Senator Norris. Mr. Smith has sought apology and reparation from the committee for permitting Lucas to flood the 1930 elections with 800,000 copies of a cartoon entitled "Al Smith-Raskob Idea of Happiness." The text of the cartoon quoted Mr. Smith as saying: "To my mind, the Democratic party will soon be in control and will make this a happy as well as a prosperous nation. The Democratic party is always looking for the common good and opposing oppressive laws and sumptuary legislation." Mr. Smith objected that the statement was taken from a fraudulent telegram to which his name had been signed, and that he had published a careful denial of authorship in the newspapers last August—five days after Mr. Lucas became executive director of the Republican committee.

While the committee ignored Mr. Smith's letter, Mr. Lucas made a reply

International

CLARA IN COURT
Motion picture star on stand in Los Angeles courtroom

of a sort. He did not say that he had believed Mr. Smith to be the author of the quotation. He offered no excuse for using it to adorn a low cartoon showing a poorly clad child trying to drag a drunken father home from a barroom. He did not defend the intimation in the text of the cartoon that Mr. Smith desired, "not a happy nation," but "a hilariously intoxicated nation." He merely said that, if Mr. Smith would declare that he "is now for prohibition, then I owe him an apology." That's Lucas.

On the very day he was writing this reply, Mr. Lucas was cornered again. Though he resigned as Commissioner of Internal Revenue last August 15, it was not until October 6 that he attempted to thank members of the bureau, which has 11,000,000 employees, for their co-operation. His letter of that date, written on the stationery of the Republican National Committee and unearthed by the New York *World,* shows him attempting to card-index his former subordinates (who check income tax returns) and use them as an adjunct of the Republican party in the fall elections. "I am hopeful," he wrote, "that with the help and advice of my friends I will be able to render a real service to the administration and to the Republican party . . . . you can be of great help to me in keeping me advised of political conditions in your community . . . . write me from time to time letting me know just what is going on politically . . . . fill in the inclosed card and return to me in the inclosed envelope . . . . inclose a short statement giving me your ideas of the present campaign and the result you expect in the coming election . . . . when you are in Washington come in to see me." That, again, is Lucas.

The disclosure of this attempt to make tax-collectors cogs in a party's political machine merely emphasizes the issue created by the discovery of Mr. Lucas' trickery in Nebraska. The issue is whether the Republican party is going to endorse such conduct or kick Lucas out.

▶▶*Lucas Clings*

Lucas, of course, should go. If he does not, the Administration may find him embarrassing. While he stays he continues to identify himself with Mr. Hoover, doubtless to the grief of many of the President's friends. Indeed, a few days after the discovery of his undercover work in Nebraska he was formally launching Mr. Hoover's campaign for renomination and reelection. In a letter to Republican precinct leaders throughout the country he paints a glowing picture of the 1930 elections and of Mr. Hoover himself. We may pass over his analysis of the November elections as "in reality a great victory for the Republican party." Two months ago he called them "a vindication of the national Administration," moving one prominent Republican to remark that another such vindication and there would be no Republicans left in Washington.

Mr. Lucas finds that "President Hoover, experienced in the way of business and expert in handling big things, in spite of the world-wide depression and unemployment, has sustained the American scale of wages, maintained the American standard of living, prevented a nation-wide money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panic and kept thousands of men and women at work in every community who would have otherwise been listed among the unemployed. But for the wise and able leadership of President Hoover when the crisis came a disastrous panic would have surely followed."

These sentiments indicate the approach with which, Mr. Lucas says, "the National Committee will carry on an aggressive, active, determined campaign from this day until the polls close in 1932." Mr. Lucas is also much concerned over the "subtle innuendo and insidious propaganda" of Chairman Raskob of the Democratic National Committee. The Raskob plot to "smear Hoover," he tells the precinct leaders, "must be exposed and killed . . . . Talk to your neighbors. Stand up for your party. Defend the President. Keep the truth before the people."

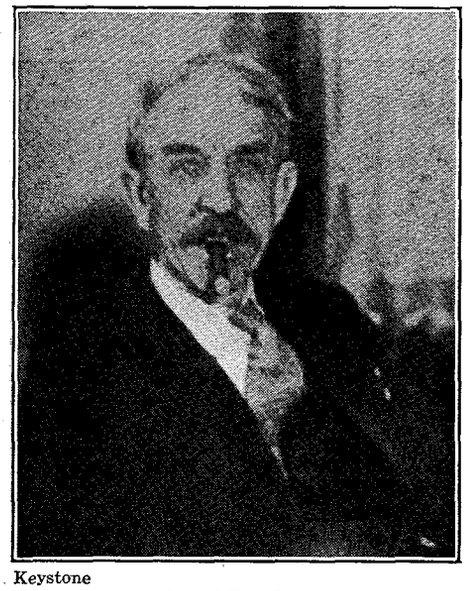
Aside from their origin, these sentiments are interesting as suggesting the probable Republican strategy for the next two years. It might be more effective strategy if Mr. Hoover from the start had taken a more aggressive attitude toward the depression and advocated more generous government relief measures. Suppose, for example, that he were proposing a billion-dollar bond issue to offset unemployment. In that case the precinct leaders would have more to tell the neighbors, more truth worth keeping before the people.

▶▶*Oklahoma's Governor*

IN GENERAL, picturesqueness in American politicians has become little more than veneer hiding weakness, incompetence and demagogy. The present session of Congress marks the last stand of two picturesque members, Senators Cole Blease and Tom Heflin, while efforts are being made in Chicago to put the skids under Big Bill Thompson. Yet it was pleasant to note the inauguration of William Henry Murray as governor of Oklahoma, for Governor Murray is not only picturesque but able.

"Alfalfa Bill" did not skimp on color at the inaugural in Oklahoma City. From his home at Tischomingo he rode into the capital on borrowed money and braced himself for the day with a breakfast of hard-boiled eggs, milk and onions. He welcomed whites and Negroes to the inauguration, received a blessing from a solemn Indian chieftain, Millett Hoy Koy Bitty, and the oath of office from his own father, the ninety-one-year-old Colonel Uriah Dow Thomas Murray, who remarked that he had not been so happy since he got religion. "Alfalfa Bill" moved into the executive mansion as one without any property but the clothes on his back and a wagonload of books. With a few more lines he touched up the picture of himself as a typical hillbilly, stalwart and plainspeaking, glorying in the old days in the cotton patch, wood pile and brick yard.

In his inaugural address Governor Murray defied the Republicans whom he had defeated by a 100,000 majority when he received the largest vote in Oklahoma's history. He deplored Oklahoma's educational system wherein



Keystone

ALFALFA BILL
William H. Murray, recently inaugurated Governor of Oklahoma

football had become "the shibboleth and slogan," proposed to put an end to the pardoning spree of retiring Governor Holloway, and promised a fifty per cent reduction in ad valorem taxes—and that by July. As a parliamentarian Governor Murray enjoys no little renown in Oklahoma, where he settled in 1898 after being cowboy, farmer, teacher, editor and lawyer in Texas. "Alfalfa Bill" sat in Congress from 1913 to 1917 but showed his mettle primarily when he drafted the laws of the Chickasaw Indian Nation and presided over the constitutional convention of his own state. Now that he is governor he will be well worth watching.

▶▶*Blow at the Theatre*

MORE dead than alive, the League of New York Theatres is a striking symbol of the theatre's chronic and developing illness resulting from the inability of patrons to secure good seats for good shows at reasonable prices. After an especially hard winter on Broadway, the league was founded last April in the hope of beckoning back potential patrons to whom the inconvenience and cost of attending the theatre outweighed the pleasure received and who, consequently, were staying away. Now the league gives up the job. So doing, it might as well give up the ghost, since there is little public interest in its plan to lobby for an anti-speculator law and to study censorship, the talkies and the road.

Without much assistance from law or precedent, the league attempted to help the theatre-lover who had grown tired of learning that good seats, unavailable at the box office, might be had only at stiff prices from brokers who had bought up the house for weeks in advance. Sixteen brokers associated in the league with producers representing four-fifths of New York's legitimate theatres. The theatres promised to put one-quarter of their orchestra seats on sale at the box office and to allot the remaining three-quarters to the sixteen accredited brokers who pledged themselves to charge no more than a fixed seventy-five-cent premium. When most of the brokers withdrew, the theatres continued to keep one-quarter of their seats at the box office, allotting three-quarters to the few remaining brokers and to the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company. But, just as brokers missed the chance to make an occasional killing on a good advance buy, so producers missed the financial backing of the brokers. On this rock the league came to grief.

Since the failure of the league will mean that tickets will be as expensive and as hard to get as they ever were, doubtless it will injure the New York theatres considerably. Injuring the theatre in New York means injuring it throughout the country.

▶▶*Recalling a Bluff*

PONDERING the six new appointees to the Tariff Commission, the Senate roared like a lion but voted like a lamb. Five were confirmed with little or no opposition, the sixth—Edgar Brossard, darling of the sugar-beet growers—by a vote of 45 to 36. So that, unless the Senate tries to recall them, as it tried to recall three Power Commissioners, the Tariff Commissioners are at last safely in office and the new commission is at last safely in existence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not that much weight need be attached to the fact that the Tariff Commissioners are now sure of their jobs and ready to tackle them in earnest. Though they are empowered to advise the President to raise or lower rates up to fifty per cent, they will probably seek few reductions. We have never believed the pretty story so popular in June, 1930, when Congress passed the Hawley-Smoot bill. It will be recalled that, according to this yarn, these were to be "new idea" commissioners, who would conduct prompt, scientific and searching investigations into tariff rates and recommend quick, wholesale, downward revisions. Thus, we were told, the Hawley-Smoot bill would be speedily transformed from an abomination into a joy forever. Trust the new commissioners for that.

Of late little has been heard from advocates of the Tariff Commission and of the flexible provision under which it operates. Mr. Hoover closed their lips when he named Henry P. Fletcher, apostle of high tariffs, as chairman of the new commission; when he appointed three affiliates of the discredited old commission as members of the new one. Their silence is unbroken as the weeks go by and the tariff rates stay put. It is now seven months since Mr. Hoover wrote on the bill his "Approved June 17, 1930, at 12:59 p.m., Herbert Hoover," but, so far as we know, not one of the 887 rates raised by Congress has been lowered. This cannot go on forever. Eventually the commissioners must make some recommendations. No shrewd person, however, sincerely expects them to do anything important. The yarn that they would soon remake the tariff bill was never more than a bluff, designed to obscure the fact that the country had erected the highest tariff wall in its history.

▶▶*Flight to the Moon*

THE FAMILIAR flight-to-the-moon idea begins to find serious acceptance. Some days ago Robert Esnault-Pelterie arrived in New York from France. M. Esnault-Pelterie is a well-known aeronautic engineer whose hobby is the study of rocketry. His treatise on "The Exploration of the Upper Atmosphere by Means of Rockets, and the Possibility of Interplanetary Voyages," in which rocket flight is reduced to a physical and mathematical science, won special award from the Astronomical Society of France a year or two ago. Some day, when the state of the art has advanced far enough to make the feat possible, the French engineer hopes to send, and volunteers to travel in, a large rocket to the moon. Before that time, he wishes to see a rocket built capable of reaching a hundred-mile altitude, and, later, another one capable of traveling across the Atlantic. In New York City, M. Esnault-Pelterie addressed the American Interplanetary Society, a group of technical and scientific men who are making a serious study of rocket flight.

A rocket makes extremely inefficient use of its fuel at low velocities—those comparable with motor car speeds—but

International

ROCKETEER

Dr. Robert Esnault-Pelterie, who plans rocket-flight to moon

makes more efficient use of it than a gasoline engine does at very high velocities such as would best be attainable in airless space. It works better—pushes harder—in a vacuum than in air and does not depend on the air for its push. As all physicists know, there is no reason, other than the present crudity of the technique, why rocket flight to the moon or Mars is impossible. It will depend simply on the efficient use of principles already understood. But this will take time, experiment and money, much money, which, for a futuristic-sounding project like a flight to the moon, is by no means easy to come by. Nevertheless, Daniel Guggenheim has given the American rocketeer, Professor Goddard, control of $100,000 for experimentation. At present Goddard is aiming, not at the moon, but at the upper atmosphere. The moon may come later. The noteworthy thing now is that the moon rocket is not a lunatic idea—unless the flying machine was a lunatic idea in the days of Darius Green.

▶▶*Future of India*

WHEN THE ROUND-TABLE conference on India opened in London last November the primary question was how far Britain would go toward granting Indian demands for a dominion status, i. e., for an autonomous government linked to but uncontrolled by Great Britain. During the conference Premier MacDonald seemed willing to make many concessions to avoid unrest in India but at no time did he indicate that dominion status was an immediate possibility. Nor was there ever the slightest indication that Britain would please Gandhi's Nationalists who remained in India, boycotting the conference and demanding a full national government responsible only to the people of India and possessing the right to secede from the empire.

Mr. MacDonald closed the conference on January 19 with an outline of the future British policy. The Labor Premier, backed by representatives of the Conservative and Liberal parties, accepted the principle of dominion status as an objective toward which India would be allowed to advance but rejected it flatly as a matter of immediate concern. What Mr. MacDonald was willing to grant was a new constitution for India with new powers placed upon the Indian legislature but with essential powers (control of foreign affairs, finances and defense) reserved to His Majesty's Government. Mr. MacDonald envisaged a transitional period for India with constitutional safeguards to Britain "so framed and exercised as not to prejudice the advance of India through the new constitution to full responsibility for her own government."

As Mr. MacDonald recognized, the new constitution for India is far from a reality. All the parties at the conference were agreed upon a central government uniting the Indian states and the 560 principalities into a federation controlled by a legislature of two houses, but most of the conditions essential to the working out of the constitution have not been settled. Some of these must be determined, Mr. MacDonald said, "after further discussion with the Indian princes and representatives of British India." Others are to be worked out by the Indians themselves. Possible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and highly probable obstacles to agreement on these matters pale, however, before one fact—that there is no indication that Mr. MacDonald's policy is acceptable to Gandhi's Nationalists. At the close of the conference, as at the beginning, they want more than Britain is willing, or perhaps able, to grant.

▶▶*Gnawing Niagara*

GEOLOGISTS REFUSE to become excited because a million cubic feet or so of rock split off the face of the cliff over which the Niagara River falls. Geologically speaking, it is not an unusual occurrence. The white man has had opportunity to watch the falls closely for little more than a century, but the falls are at least one hundred times that age—young at that, in the opinion of geologists; something that started only a "minute" ago. They began to flow when the southern edge of the great ice cap of the last ice invasion had melted back far enough north to release the waters, now Lake Erie, damned up by the ice. Since then they have made their way, mostly inch by inch, often foot by foot, occasionally rod by rod as in the present case, seven miles upstream from their point of origin.

What happens is this: The falling water gnaws out the soft rock, mainly shales, from under the hard resistant stratum of limestone at the top, and when the overhang becomes too great the hard top rock splits off and falls, mostly under water, as the submerged part of the falls is higher than the exposed part. The present rate of the falls' recession is from a few inches to two feet a year. Doubtless this rate has varied greatly in the past as it unquestionably will in the future. Until about the time of Christ, there undoubtedly was only one fall clear across the river, a mile or so downstream.

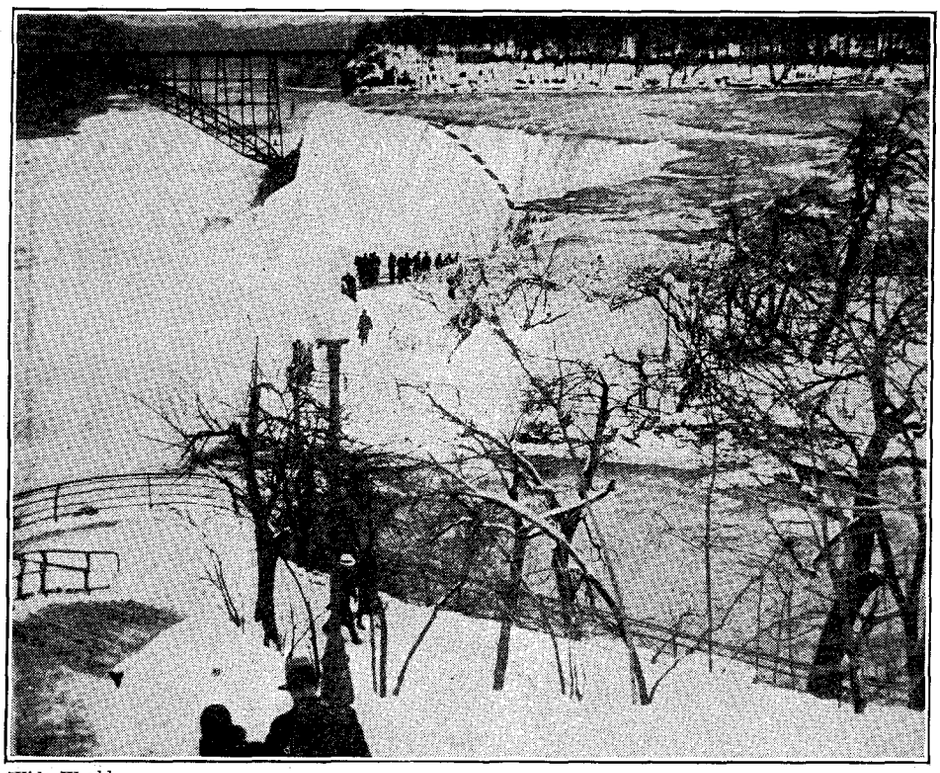
It is interesting to speculate on what might happen were the falls to gnaw their way upstream for a few more thousands of years. The hard top rock which is the actual cause of the falls happens to dip slightly to the south. Thus as this retreat progressed southward the falls would lose height and Lake Erie waters be lowered accordingly. Long before this event, however, engineers are sure to stop it. Even now plans are under way to distribute the water of the Canadian falls more evenly over the rim by means of submerged rock structures.

▶▶*Princely Good Will*

THE PRINCE OF WALES is off on his trip to spread good will throughout South America and implant in all South American hearts a passion for British goods. He will lay cornerstones and wreaths, open expositions, visit historic spots and make no end of platitudinous speeches. At home, King George will sit before the good-will barometer, which we assume he keeps in the living-room when the Prince is off on one of these expeditions, and watch the good-will rise. One cornerstone, one degree; one dance with Argentine belle, one degree; one dance with Argentine belle's plain sister, five degrees; one proverbial fall from horse, ten degrees.

As to those other barometers, the sales records of British industries, they may or may not rise correspondingly. Great Britain feels that what it has lost in Argentine's import trade during the past few years the United States has gained. It counts on the Prince to remedy this loss. Evidently Washington has not worried overmuch about the inroads of Edward Albert as salesman. The Prince's proposed visit was announced last summer, so there would have been plenty of time to shoot Lindbergh or other competing good-willer down there if Washington had wanted to.

The presence of the Prince will undoubtedly direct South American interest to British products. If it is found that Britain offers better goods at lower prices than the United States, British trade will gain. If not, it will not gain. Of course the Prince could make it gain like the dickens by marrying an Argentine girl. But you know the Prince.



Wide World

WHERE THE FALLS FELL
The new Niagara Falls, American side; dotted line shows the old contour

▶▶*St. Lawrence Power*

IN LARGE PART, the report of the St. Lawrence Power Commission supports the position of Governor Roosevelt on the power issue. On authorization of New York's Republican-controlled Legislature, the commission was appointed last year by Mr. Roosevelt himself, who stood and still stands for state, as against private, development of water power, for strict regulation of existing public utilities and for lower utility rates. After five months of study the commission now urges that the state, cooperating with Canadian authorities, undertake power development on the St. Lawrence River through the construction and operation of a 170-million-dollar dam and power house at Massena Point, New York.

The commission recommends that the Legislature create a public power authority both to develop the power and to distribute New York's share through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

private agencies. In the distribution the commission would have the power authority secure contracts (subject to the governor's approval) with private companies so as to pay operating expenses, amortize the cost of the dam and power plant in forty years and supply the public with electricity at reduced rates. The report concludes that "it is not economically wise to parallel existing transmission or distributing systems except as a possible solution in the event of failure of private utility companies to enter into a contract with the public power authority on a fair and reasonable basis." Thus the commission envisages direct state sale of state electricity to the ultimate consumer only as a last resort, one likely enough, however, to cause former Lieutenant Governor Conway to submit a minority report. Mr. Conway urges that, if necessary, the power authority be authorized to build its own transmission lines, a suggestion which seems to have been implied in the majority report itself.

Whatever its reception in Albany, the report is of national significance in its possible relation to the presidential year 1932. Governor Roosevelt has used the St. Lawrence project to dramatize the power issue in New York. He himself believes that his attitude on power was one reason for his 725,000 plurality in the November 4 elections. Thus he may be expected to employ the St. Lawrence project as a means of furthering his ambitions for the Presidency. Moreover, his very attachment to the project will keep the entire power issue in the foreground. The connection between Roosevelt and the St. Lawrence development, with all its resulting front page news, makes it more likely than ever that the power issue will be an important one in the next presidential year.

▶▶Wobbly

THE American Federation of Labor has often indicated its opposition to the Volstead Act. It now purposes to go a step further. At its recent conference in Miami, the Federation's executive council approved plans for a brisk modification campaign with headquarters in Washington and with 14,000 paid organizers stumping the country. The aim is to stir the electorate to make its wishes known to members of Congress. The fact that the Federation throws its strength against the Volstead Act at this particular time suggests its belief that the prohibition experiment is wobbling. So it is, as other signs demonstrate.

Note, for example, that the House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments has voted to investigate the tapping of telephone and telegraph wires by prohibition agents. How much wire tapping is done no one knows. Prohibition authorities make conflicting statements. Thus J. Edgar Hoover of the Justice Department's Bureau of Investigation is reported as saying that his bureau does not tap wires, Attorney General Mitchell as saying that he means to stop the practice, and Commissioner Woodcock of the Department's Prohibition Bureau as saying that he has "no qualms at all" about wire tapping and purposes to continue it. Grant the need for an inquiry. Grant that wire tapping, against the law in many states, is, as Justice Holmes has said, "dirty business," though the Supreme Court has ruled that evidence obtained thereby is admissible in court. The fact remains that this bone-dry House committee—only four of its twenty-one members are wets—never would have investigated it a few years ago, when rigorous enforcement was assumed to have public support.

Nor would a Prohibition Commissioner repeatedly have said, as Mr. Woodcock is saying, that the government must confine its enforcement efforts to the commercial traffic in intoxicants. In his recent testimony before a House committee Mr. Woodcock declared: "We are not making any effort to apprehend private violators of the law. There are so many constitutional difficulties that the task would be impossible." Though Mr. Woodcock apparently fails to realize it, this is an admission that the dry laws, which apply against private as well as commercial violators, are unenforceable as they stand. Which, in turn, is an admission that they should be either repealed or modified.

▶▶Remarkable Remarks

Unquestionably this country is going forward. — CHARLES E. MITCHELL.

Confidence will cure us all.—C. W. NASH.

They kick relief around so much in the Senate they should have goal posts on each end of the building. —"BUGS" BAER.

The best American society has no contacts with bootleggers. — THE TULSA TRIBUNE.

Prohibition has made nothing but trouble.—AL CAPONE.

The girl who smokes is sinning against future generations. She is making herself unfit for motherhood, denying her future children the right to health.—VICTORIA BOOTH DEMAREST.

I really believe that wives are unfaithful more often and more persistently than husbands. — RUPERT HUGHES.

Marriage is a divinely constituted training school, not merely an amusement.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

No one who wears spats can get far in America.—LEWIS GANNETT.

Falling in love with a girl in a book is perhaps the safest way of falling in love. There are no complications.—DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

▶▶In Brief

THE FACT that almost a million gallons of beer and ninety gallons of spirits were seized in the New York area in 1930 will suggest why it is almost impossible to get a drink in New York today without asking for it. . . . General Pershing insists that it was not he who said "Lafayette, we are here." Well, no matter; every one will go right on thinking that it was. . . . But it was General Pershing, beyond a doubt, who in his memoirs used the words, for which we decently substitute the letters, G— d—, and we sincerely trust that the city of Boston, for one, is simply not going to stand for it. . . . First the rumor that the ashes of the Russian royal family were taken surreptitiously out of Russia. Now the rumor that the royal family itself was taken surreptitiously out of Russia. While it would not do to be too dogmatic about so uncertain a situation, it is safe to say that one or the other of these rumors is probably a trifle inaccurate. . . . Controller of the Currency Pole wants a law making it a crime to circulate false reports concerning national banks and members of the Federal Reserve System, and, presumably, has discovered some mysterious means by which the circulation of such reports can be efficiently detected and prevented. . . . Interesting to learn that Congressman Clancy of Detroit disregarded warnings and marched with the revolutionists in Panama on the morning of January 2. Even more interesting to think of the pretty kettle of fish had our unimaginative legislator been shot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wickersham Report

An Editorial

OF ALL the absurd reports ever submitted by any investigating body, the report of the Wickersham prohibition commission takes the cake. It is an absurd report because of the terrific anti-climax in which it ends; because, though the body of the report is wet, the recommendations at the close are dry; because, though the commission's conclusions are predominantly against any change in the prohibition experiment, the commissioners record themselves as predominantly in favor of a change in the experiment.

To read the report from beginning to end, without being previously informed of its nature, is to get the surprise of your life. It is packed to the brim with reasons why prohibition as it stands cannot be and should not be enforced. The commission does say, briefly, that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have been followed by certain benefits—"industrial benefits—i.e., increased production, increased efficiency of labor, elimination of 'blue Mondays' and decrease in industrial accidents—increase in savings and decrease in demand upon charities and social agencies." But the bulk of the report is of a distinctly contrary, and incidentally of a distinctly convincing nature.

Thus the commission finds a "widespread and scarcely or not at all concealed contempt for the policy of the national prohibition act." It finds that, "taking the country as a whole, people of wealth, business men and professional men, and their families, and, perhaps, the higher paid working men and their families, are drinking in large numbers in quite frank disregard of the declared policy of the national prohibition act." It finds rampant smuggling of liquor "by land, by water and by air." It finds that "a steady volume of whiskey, much of it of good quality, is put in circulation; and prices at which it is obtainable are a convincing testimony to the ineffectiveness of enforcement" against distillers. It quotes an estimate that nine million gallons of industrial alcohol were diverted in the year ending June 30, 1930.

Thus, again, it finds that necessity compels the abandonment of efforts for effective enforcement against the home production of liquor, even though "it must be recognized that this is done at the price of nullification to that extent. Law here bows to actualities." It finds that, while many speakeasies are closed each year, "the number does not decrease on that account;" that "whiskey of good quality is obtainable substantially everywhere at prices not extravagant for persons of means," while for other persons "a large amount of cheap, poor grade or even poisonous liquor is constantly produced." It finds that in all states there has been a growing tendency to "let the federal government carry the burden of enforcement," while in some states "all attempts at enforcement are substantially precluded by public opinion." It finds flagrant corruptions left and right as well as agitation for the "disregard or abrogation of the guarantees of liberty and of sanctity of the home." It even points out that prohibition's benefits are due less to the present federal experiment than to the closing of the old time saloon. Finally it declares that "We expect legislation to conform to public opinion, not public opinion to yield to legislation," and adds, quite clinchingly, "it is therefore a serious impairment of the legal order to have a national law upon the books theoretically governing the whole land and announcing a policy for the whole land which public opinion in many important centers will not enforce and in many others will not suffer to be enforced effectively."

Yet despite all this, and as incredible as the fact may seem, the commission's report is dry. It is dry because it specifically recommends steps to tighten up enforcement, but does not recommend any important step to liberalize the prohibition laws. Besides advising what should be done to improve enforcement, the commissioners declare that they do not favor the repeal of the amendment or the modification of the Volstead Act; but they lack the courage to say, or rather they are too discreet to say, that they favor the amendment's revision. They therefore merely point obliquely to Henry W. Anderson's plan for the revision of the amendment and do not indorse it. They want the amendment changed so that it will not prohibit the traffic in liquor, but give Congress the power to prohibit or regulate that traffic; in other words, they want liquor laws which will be quickly responsive to a changing public opinion. That is plain not only from the report as a whole, but from the amazing fact that, as shown by their opinions attached to the report, six of the eleven commissioners—that is, a majority—favor the immediate repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is shown again by the fact that, of the five dry commissioners, all but one—Mr. Wickersham himself—as shown in the attached statements, favor revision of the amendment should further trial fail to produce better enforcement. So a commission, which after eighteen months of investigation has become convinced of the necessity for change, submits a report in which no change is recommended.

Why? Well, the motive of the prohibition experiment may be noble, but the motive of the Wickersham commission strikes us as pitifully transparent. To our mind, though we dislike to question motives, the commissioners act out of deference to President Hoover, a dry, who conceived the idea of a prohibition commission, who appointed its members, who carefully refrained from asking them to report whether they believed the dry laws to be wise or unwise, and who wants to run as a dry in 1932, which he could not do without embarrassment if his own commission had submitted a wet report. That must be why commissioners who are wet individually turn out to be dry collectively. We wish we could see some reason to doubt it. We cannot. Some of them—not all of them but enough to do the trick—were out to prepare dry ground which Mr. Hoover might occupy.

And Mr. Hoover hastened to occupy it. He rejected Mr. Anderson's suggested revision of the amendment—the revision which the commission advanced but lacked the nerve to advocate. That was the only wettish recommendation, and in his message transmitting the report to Congress he got rid of that one pronto, in this fashion: "I do, however, see serious objections to, and therefore, must not be understood as recommending the commission's proposed revision of the Eighteenth Amendment which is suggested by them for possible consideration at some future time if the continued effort at enforcement should not prove successful." Mr. Hoover cheerfully ignored the jabbing fact that six of the commissioners are for revision of the amendment; cheerfully played down the damning indictment brought in the body of the report prior to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recommendations. In the main, the commission gave him what he wanted and he seized it eagerly, disregarding what he did not want. All doubt as to the President's position on prohibition has therefore ended. All dispute as to that position has ended. Mr. Hoover has come out definitely dry, he will run as a dry if his party renominates him in 1932, and that's that.

Backstage in Washington

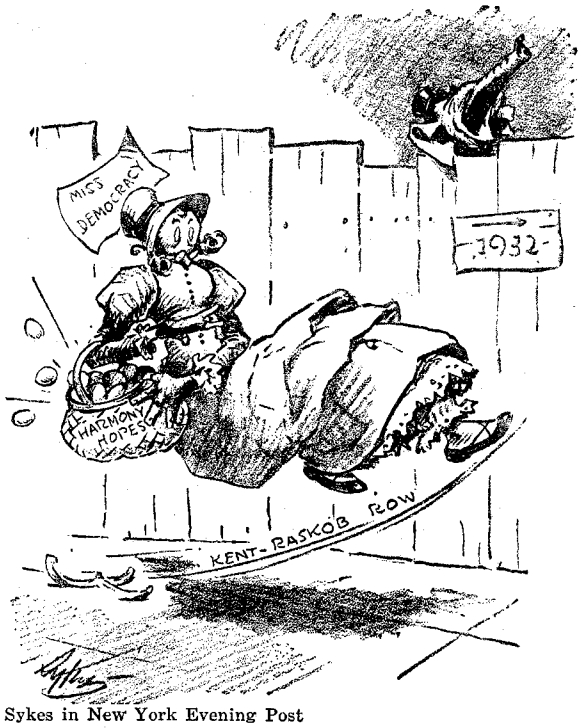
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HEAR that the Democrats will have as much trouble getting rid of Al Smith in 1932 as the Republican party will have in inducing Mr. Hoover not to try it again. When we first heard that Al was keen to make another race for the White House, we could hardly credit it, but there has since been evidence aplenty that he thinks himself entitled to a second chance. His friends inform us that, with the approach of the pre-convention season, he is showing definite signs of ambition and restlessness.

Though we believe Mr. Smith's nomination would be a fatal move, in that it would arouse the same passion and prejudices which stained the 1928 campaign, we can hardly blame him for his attitude. Mr. Hoover has made the very mistakes which Al predicted he would. The American people have learned, as Al predicted, that no party can guarantee prosperity. Dissatisfaction with prohibition has grown to such a degree even Mr. Hoover recognizes it, and in this respect Mr. Smith was a true prophet. We also recall that Al, in his speeches and writings, has frequently referred to the size of his popular vote, and pointed out that a redistribution of only 500,000 votes would have landed him in the White House. Lastly, the presidential bite, as history so amply proves, admits of no cure.

Al, of course, is not openly advocating his own nomination. We understand that he, together with National Chairman Raskob and that other party "angel," Bernard M. Baruch, are for Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of General Electric. It is Mr. Smith's enemies, including the political friends of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, who charge that Mr. Smith seeks to capitalize for himself any deadlock between Mr. Young and Governor Roosevelt. The Governor's supporters, we know, are worried and angry over the whole situation. They think that Al ought to go down the line for their man, in view of Roosevelt's past services on behalf of Mr. Smith. They also feel that Mr. Raskob ought to quit the chairmanship instead of holding it, as they believe, for the purpose of aiding the Young or Smith candidacies. In short, the Roosevelt people see in the activities of the Smith-Raskob-Young triumvirate a deliberate movement to block the nomination of the New York governor.

The confidence which prevailed in the Roosevelt camp a few months ago, after the tremendous victory on November 4, has changed to fear. The Roosevelt candidacy is definitely slowing down. He is, for one thing, too far in the lead too early, and his rivals, including the New York crowd, are determined to head him off. Nor are the Tammany scandals helping him, even though he is going through the motions of demanding action.



Sykes in New York Evening Post

Started right

It is against this background that Frank R. Kent's attack on Chairman Raskob must be considered. Mr. Kent is a close personal friend of Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, who has twice offered to make "Frankie" a Senator from Maryland. Though Mr. Kent may have had no ulterior motive, and undoubtedly did not, any move to discredit Mr. Raskob and his metropolitan associates would redound to the benefit of Governor Ritchie's very definite presidential ambitions. For ourselves, we do not think Mr. Kent won all the honors in his encounter with the Democratic chairman, and we find that to be the general opinion in national political circles.

Mr. Kent knows, of course, that four or five men, as is true of the Democratic party now, have always assumed the responsibility for campaign debts. The number of "angels" on the Republican side is even smaller, and it often includes a Will H. Hays, who sings psalms and improves the moral tone of the movies even as he peddles Sinclair bonds by stealth in order to hide the oil baron's rôle as party financier in 1920.

Mr. Raskob, on the contrary, has done the financing in the open, and as yet he has made no demands for repayment in the form of tariff favors, power permits, oil leases or even party tickets. Knowing him fairly well, we do not think he will. To our mind Mr. Raskob had been a pathetic rather than a sinister figure, finding in his amateurish participation in politics some compensation for the years when, though a power in the motor world, he was unknown to the public. He will, we imagine, charge his political expenditures to accounts headed "publicity" and "education."

Nevertheless, all this intra-party squabbling is so much gain for the downcast Republicans and their disheartened President. It is, indeed, the best break Mr. Hoover has had in some time.

Should the New York Democrats carry their intrigue to the point of open warfare, thereby eliminating everybody from that state from the presidential picture, it will mean that the G. O. P. may have to face a Governor Ritchie, a "Joe" Robinson, a Newton D. Baker or some other figure equally colorless. It is, therefore, not particularly surprising that Mr. Kent's good friend, Mr. Hoover, seems noticeably more cheerful these days than is his usual wont.

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Blessed Are the Pure in Heart ◀◀

By REBECCA WEST

OF ALL the scriptural studies of my youth that were forced on me in my childhood, I resented most the learning by heart of the Beatitudes. These struck me as insipid promises whose value depended on whether they were fulfilled or not. Most insipid of them all, and most uncertain of fulfilment, seemed the promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Mawkishness, I thought, had inspired and shaped that sentence. It proved that the worst flaccidities of degenerate Christian art, the sheep-faced, spaniel-curled saints and the baby angels in nightgowns to whom A. S. M. Hutchinson so oddly likes to compare his child, were inherent in the germ of Christianity. Yet it has oddly happened to me twice that that phrase has come back to me unsought and has been welcomed as the perfect expression of something not simple at all, but so complex that I was utterly at a loss to put it into words, and could think of no artist that had ever done so; and that it struck me then as a promise completely fulfilled, as an analysis of an existing condition.

The first time was one afternoon when I was taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy, who were, by the way, utterly unlike Mr. and Mrs. Driffield of Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale,* though some idiot rumor of identification is running around. To imagine Thomas Hardy ever having been a Bohemian who shot the moon, leaving landlord and butcher and baker unpaid in the company of a melting wanton of a wife, would be rather more difficult than to imagine Mrs. Edith Wharton as having spent her golden youth in the chorus of the *Folies Bergères.* He was, in point of fact, an intensely, even smugly, respectable little man. (There is never any telling about the origins of art. This is why we should always be charitable and remember that one day it is quite possible that there might be a Humanist who developed talent.) He came half from the yeoman class and half from the laboring class; and was very eager to be above criticism and range himself firmly with the yeoman class. In such country communities as his, debt is a disgrace very nearly as deep as debt: and anyway he was a clean little man, with a fastidious tremor about him like the movement of a cat when it has stepped in a puddle and takes out its paw and shakes the water off it.

This regard for public opinion and this personal niceness was, oddly enough, the source of his audacity in subject. When he wrote of wild lovers it is as if he looked backward over his shoulders at taller, freer-striding folk that had passed him in the lane on the way to a tryst in vales lonelier than he would visit at such an hour, and when he wrote of those who had fallen to misery and penury it is as if he looked from his lit window at those who trail into the town at the close of day, footsore and staring about for a lodging. Through his art he could enter completely into their experience; but there was that in the marrow of his bones which would not let his destiny incline a millionth of an inch towards theirs. So there were no debts, and no wanton. His first wife was, on the contrary, a thought too far this side of wantonness. She was reputed to have said, "Try to remember, Thomas Hardy, that you married a lady." Better far had it been for her, since she had not been vouchsafed the vision of that which should have kept her humble, had she been put in her place by a recollection of having said "Yes" once when she should not.

That afternoon, when I sat and drank tea with the clean little man and his second wife (who was no such snob as the second Mrs. Driffield in *Cakes and Ale,* but a person who regarded her mournful genius with just the right sober sweetness), I was looking round the walls, because I had just found hanging in a corner one of the delightful drawings he had made of London when he was a youth in the late sixties. They were done in the architectural style, with no perspective, and they had a neat charm that was purely personal. One felt that in making them he had taken the opportunity to clean up space of some of its more obvious irregularities. In the course of my inspection I saw a large model of a ship, tucked right up under the ceiling on the top of a tall bookcase. I asked, "What's that?" The little man looked up and made a little cluck of desperation.

"What's that? Yes, indeed, what's that?"

He set down his cup and pushed it away, and sat shaking his head at the object.

"It's a most extraordinary thing, you know, how that thing got here! One day we got a letter from James Buiks"—naming one of the most respectable poets writing under George and Mary—"saying he was making me a model of a ship! Of a ship! Well, I wrote to him, and said that it was very kind of him indeed, but that really he needn't trouble, and I thought that would be an end to it all. Then one day we got a letter saying that he had finished it, and might they bring it along, and so of course we had to say yes, and we named a day for lunch. Then they came along, and it was raining, and I said to my wife, 'Why are they both sitting on the front seat and getting all wet?' And you'll hardly believe it, but it was because this great thing was inside! So they took it out, and there was quite a little ceremony over

From a photograph by Walter Thomas

THOMAS HARDY

"He was, in point of fact, an intensely, even smugly, respectable little man"

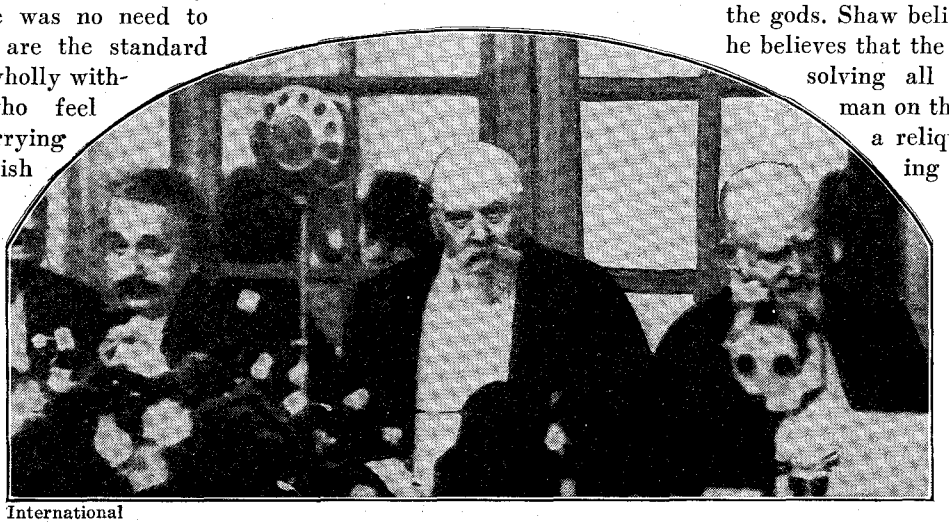
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presenting it, and after they'd gone we had to put it up there, because it's so big, and there's no room for it, and things kept on catching in the rigging. Of course, it was very kind of them, but I often wonder why. . . . ?"

His old voice died in bewilderment. I found myself laughing helplessly. To anybody familiar with contemporary English letters there was no need to wonder why. There are the standard writers, decent men wholly without strangeness, who feel themselves to be carrying on the sound English tradition and confidently add solid work to solid work, believing that to be the way to become great; as so it should be, if there were justice on earth and Apollo a steadier fellow. Of these James Buiks is the king. He has added solid work to solid work till it is a wonder the world is light enough to spin on its axis; and decent men like himself, occupying key positions in criticism, have kept good account of this. Their accounts indeed show that no man has done more. Ergo, James Buiks must be in the process of becoming a great man, the greatest man; the Thomas Hardy of the future.

Great men are notoriously simple men; and English great men should be very English. It was, therefore, very pretty and fitting for the young great man of English literature to sit down and make with his own hands a model of one of England's hearts of oaks, and give it to the old great man of English literature. Only, Thomas Hardy was outside all these things. He never thought about being a great man. He was angry when people would not accept his novels and his poetry, but that was because he thought that what he said was true and ought to be known. But of this business of playing safe by ostentatious loyalty to a tradition, and putting out work of approved pattern at proper intervals, and getting noticed by the right people, of all that he had no notion. If he was a respectable little man, it was because he knew the hunger biting the tramp's belly and storm mounting in the betrayed girl's heart, and would not have felt such things for anything. This self-dramatization and the means of expression it might find among the hierarchies was unknown to him. The words rose in me, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The other night they came to me again. I was sitting in my room, tidying up my desk before I went away for a prolonged vacation. The unnecessary lay visible under my hand in piles of letters. After death it is the dust which lies between us and the light and air; during life it is that other dry substance, paper, which does that. Had I answered all the letters I found in my desk I would have had no time to earn my living or have any human relationships; and yet the writer of every unanswered letter had probably been left with a grudge against me as a discourteous person who, spoilt by some wholly imaginary richness of circumstance, had not bothered to take an infinitesimal degree of trouble. The cluttered pigeonholes, in which any important correspondence was simply lost, was an image in little of the catastrophe man has brought on himself by yielding to the temptation of devising and using more and more means of communication till he has hardly any time and energy with which to create that which is worth communicating. To help me through the ordeal I had turned on the radio, because there was a good concert; but suddenly the music stopped. Yet I did not turn off the radio. Instead I sat back and listened, though my task was likely to keep me up till the small hours. For it was George Bernard Shaw who was speaking, and that is always one of the great shows of the world. It sprayed the room through the loud speaker, his inimitable bravura quality.



International

THREE GREAT MEN OF MODERN TIMES

Einstein, Lord Rothschild, and Shaw at the Zionist dinner mentioned by Miss West

"He is not like a man of this age," I reflected. "He seems to come out of a century when men still believed in miracles. For the conception of the miracle was the most powerful prop to human pride that ever was invented. To believe that the divine will come to earth and enter into service to a human intention, this is to make man master of the gods. Shaw believes in miracles, for he believes that the reason is capable of solving all problems that vex man on this earth. It is to him a relique capable of working wonders, as the faithful regard a thorn from the true cross. He steps forward like a nobleman in the days when it was believed that God touched kings with a divine right to govern, and that therefore society would be saved if the king and the system he stood for were preserved. He is like a nobleman painted by Van Dyck, and he is as proudly conscious of his brain as the stars and orders that some of Van Dyck's sitters wear on their breasts. It marks him as one of a hierarchy which he himself respects."

He was, it appeared, present at a Zionist dinner, and was proposing the health of the guest of honor, who was Professor Einstein. It would hardly be possible to choose a more unsuitable speaker for the task, since Shaw has a blank spot in his brain on the subject of science. He had to skirt the actual attainments of his subject with a few not too good jokes. But his speech was superb. He was not just a Van Dyck, he was an equestrian portrait by Van Dyck. One saw the fire in the nostrils of his charger. The crimson draperies hanging from the marble colonnade behind. It was a great man doing homage to another great man, generously and chivalrously. He did not depreciate his own greatness; but he gave due honor to the greatness of his guest and stood beside his own honest presentation of it, content that it might dwarf him.

Then Professor Einstein spoke. I understand only a word or two of German, so I could make nothing of his speech. So I had just to listen to the sound of his voice, which was rich and

(Please Turn to Page 156)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Failing Banks

One in Six Closed in Decade—The Senate Inquiry

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

What can be done to strengthen our banking systems, both state and national, which have seen about 6,000 failures in ten years—or 1,326 in 1930? This is the main problem to be considered by the Senate Sub-committee, headed by Senator Carter Glass. The background of the proposed banking inquiry is presented in this article by a Washington correspondent who has visited official sources for the latest facts. More than 7,000,000 depositors have been affected, with nearly two billions in deposits. The effects are *nation-wide and even world-wide in importance.*

IN A small room tucked away in a big Washington office building hang two large maps of the United States, both studded with small blue- and yellow-headed pins. Each pin marks the location of a bank failure in the last decade, the blue pins designating national banks that have gone under and the yellow ones the far greater number of state banks which have suspended. Two maps are almost necessary, because the older one, showing suspensions for the nine years ending with 1929, is so thickly dotted with pins in one great area that there is scarcely room for another. The second map, indicating suspensions for the low business year of 1930, serves an additional purpose, however, for it records the fact that in this period banks were failing at a yearly rate almost twice as great as that for the previous nine years. The 1930 total was 1,326.

What these maps show, in brief, is the fact that in the last decade no considerable section—in fact, almost no state—has escaped these public calamities, and new pins are now being stuck in the second map in increasing numbers each month. In both, however, they cluster most thickly in two great belts. The older map shows the first cluster spreading northward, somewhat fanwise, from Arkansas through the corn and wheat country until it covers western Minnesota, the Dakotas and eastern Montana in a solid mass. The second cluster, not quite so dense, sweeps southward through the Carolinas and Georgia and far down into Florida. On the second map there are already 1,093 of these ominous little markers; on both a total of 6,080, showing that in the last ten years more than a sixth of all the banks existing in the United States at the beginning of this period have involuntarily closed their doors.

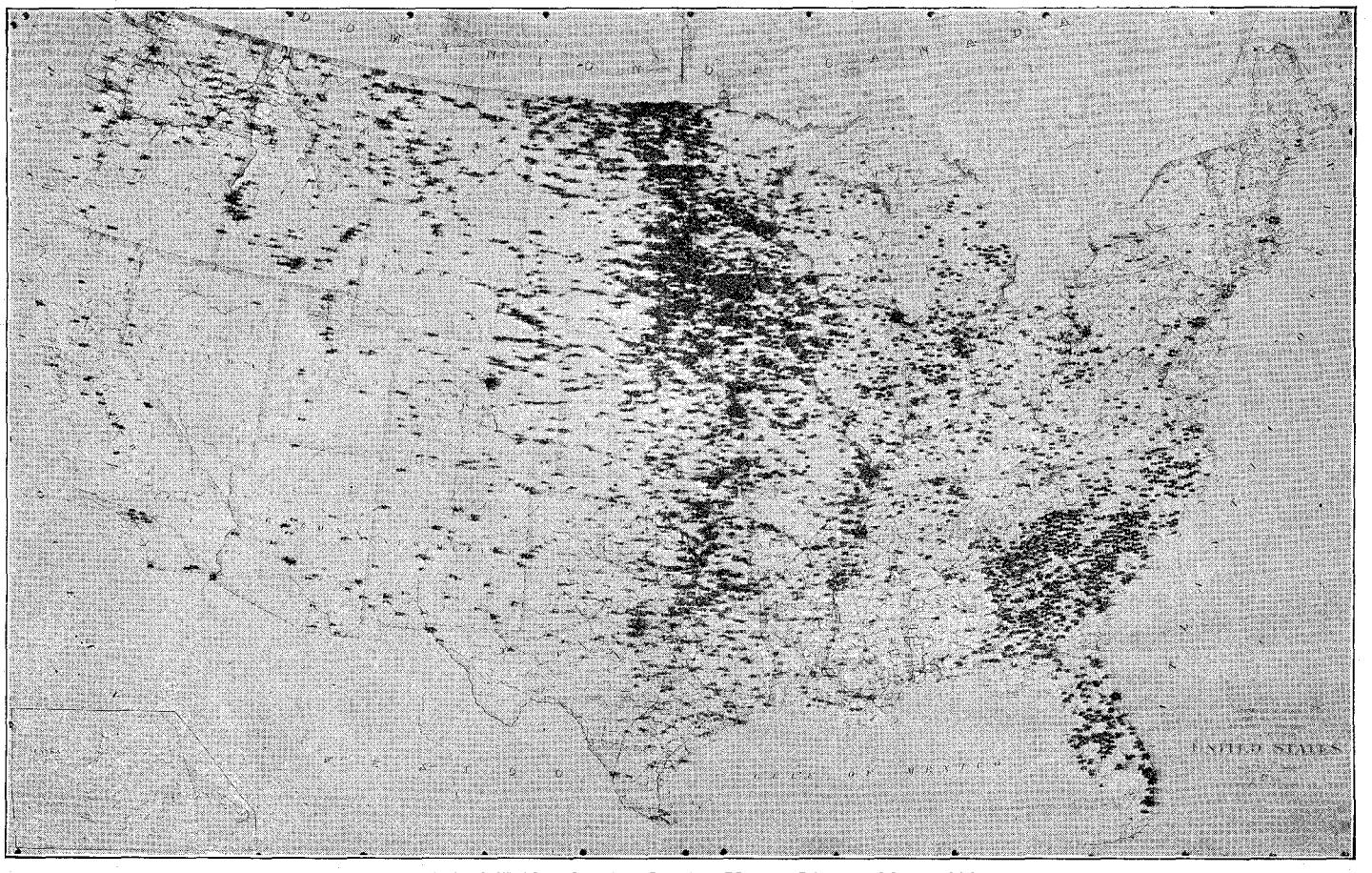
These facts dramatize one of the most pressing issues concerning the nation's financial structure which will occupy five members of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee for the next few months. It is the issue most likely to catch the public attention in a series of hearings which, in their scope and subject matter, will comprise the most extensive examination of the "money power" of the nation since the famous Pujo investigation of 1912-13. It should be said at once, however, that the present inquiry is not likely to match that earlier one, either in intense partisanship or dramatic revelations. Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, chairman of the investigating sub-committee, may compare these 6,080 bank failures of a Republican decade with the bare 501 which occurred in the eight-year Wilson régime.

The fact that a Democrat is named to direct such an important inquiry under a Republican administration may also be casually mentioned, but predominantly in this inquiry there is no "money devil" to be politically exorcised, but rather a money problem to be cooperatively solved. The "money power" of today is a tamed and docile creature compared to the feared and half-understood Behemoth whose masters were haled or sought to be haled twenty years ago before the House Banking Committee. That committee, directed by its chairman, Representative Pujo of Louisiana, put on a show that held the country's close attention for months. For many weeks its agents vainly scoured the East for John D. Rockefeller and his brother William to put them on the grill. George F. Baker was subpoenaed to Washington from his New York bank, and amazed the country with his bland and somewhat puzzled admission—as if any one should question it—that he and the elder J. P. Morgan controlled a large share of the nation's credit and currency resources. As Samuel Untermyer, persistent and slashing investigator for the committee, drew admission after admission from the witnesses regarding their power over the industry and finances of the nation and the many millions they had made in market pools and operations, the newspapers screamed them across the land.

The Pujo investigation resulted directly in little legislation. Its findings, however, led indirectly in the next session of Congress to the creation of the Federal Reserve System, a new governmentally-supervised banking machine which attempted to distribute the "money power" throughout the nation and to provide a more elastic credit and currency system. When Congress last May adopted the Glass resolution for the present inquiry, its primary desire appeared to be to learn to what extent this elasticity had encouraged the great wave of stock speculation which brought the crash of 1929. The committee still intends to go into this, and into other aspects of the Reserve and National Bank systems which it feels need some changing, but it is the crashing of banks all over the country that arouses its greatest immediate concern.

The five Senators who will make the inquiry into this complex and important problem form an interesting group—almost a typical cross-section of the country so far as five men out of the Senate can be. At the head of the subcommittee, and undoubtedly to dominate it, is the slight and drawling-voiced Glass, of Virginia—a small-city newspaper publisher with no active banking experience and yet acknowledged to be the ablest financial expert in the upper house. Behind him Glass has a wealth of knowledge upon which to draw for the purposes of this inquiry—knowledge gained through his six years as chairman of the House Banking Committee, his two years as Secretary of the Treasury under Wilson, and his subsequent decade of close observation while on the Senate committee, of the Reserve Act of which he, himself, was the principal author. Sitting with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE AMERICAN BANK FAILURE MAP, 1920 to 1929

The 1930 failures, not shown on this map, numbered 1,326. In December alone fifty national banks and 178 state institutions closed their doors. In the last ten years one sixth of our banks have closed their doors, most of them in the agricultural regions, as shown by the map

Virginian will be Norbeck, of South Dakota, "Roosevelt Republican" and "well driller by occupation"; Bratton of New Mexico, a former state supreme justice and one of the younger men in the Senate; Walcott of Connecticut, wealthy retired industrialist; and Townsend of Delaware, fruit grower and small town banker. Norbeck is primarily interested in agricultural problems, Bratton is one of the more able southern Democrats, and the legislative abilities of Walcott and Townsend, Republican newcomers, are still largely unknown quantities.

The picture these Senators confront when they begin their inquiry—undoubtedly before this article appears—is indeed one to tax the ability and judgment of the ablest men. The occurrence of close to six thousand bank failures in ten years would present a major public problem even if all of them involved only small rural institutions, as the great majority have. The last few months, however, have seen the suspension in the nation's financial center of one state bank with over $150,000,000 in deposits and more than 400,000 depositors—the largest bank failure in American history; while Kentucky has produced the suspension of a ninety-six-year-old national bank with $41,000,000 in deposits, marking the country's worst national bank failure. In all, according to John W. Pole, Controller of the Currency, the failures of the first nine years of the decade just ended tied up more than $1,700,000,000 in deposits belonging to more than 7,000,000 depositors. The final losses of these depositors ran to a large proportion of the involved deposits, and to these losses, as Mr. Pole points out, must be added those of the 114,000-odd shareholders of the failed institutions.

The committee's inquiry into reasons and remedies for this situation will take it far and produce many interesting facts and conclusions. As it observes the tremendous number of failures in the rural regions its first conclusion may be that these are simply a reflection of agricultural depression during the last decade, but it may also be expected to find that other factors enter the picture. It will undoubtedly disclose, for example, that in the first twenty years of this century the number of banks increased from 10,000 to more than 30,000—a remarkable increase even for a nation rapidly growing in wealth and population. It may be told that the practical cutting off of immigration had its part, along with the inevitable post-war deflation, in reducing inflated agricultural land values and thus leaving many rural banks with mortgages upon which they could not collect or foreclosed farms they could not sell. It undoubtedly will find that the great speculative land boom in Florida had a large part in placing that state at the top of the unhappy list of affected commonwealths, with 71 per cent of all its banks closing their doors between 1921 and 1929.

It may be told that free granting of bank charters, both by the national and state systems, produced a definitely unsound condition, when this resulted, as it did, in giving some of the worst stricken states one bank for every 1,000 or fewer inhabitants. This free granting of charters may be laid merely to the natural lack of cooperation between our dual state and national banking systems—systems which still survive, despite various efforts to amalgamate them. Again, it may be blamed on an actual competition between the charter-granting authorities of the independent systems, each seeking to build up its own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strength. The fact that 873 national banks have failed in the last decade and 110 in the last eleven months—all despite the assumed close supervision of the federal government—certainly will bring the government's force of national bank examiners under critical investigation. The fact that many of these men receive salaries of only $2,500 or $3,000 a year probably will be offered in defense and extenuation, as will also be the claim that the present law "lacks teeth," and that the examiners can do little until they find a bank actually insolvent.

All this will lead naturally and inevitably to another problem before the committee—the development of multiple banking, so called, and the question of which types, if any, should be encouraged, and to what extent, as a remedy for the increasing flocks of failures.

Here the committee will find itself often considering after the fact. The House Banking Committee, which already has a multiple banking inquiry under way, learned as long ago as last spring that the resources of the multiple banking systems even then amounted to more than half of the nation's entire bank resources.

Whether multiple banking's tremendous growth in the last few years was inaugurated to help save the small weakening unit banks—which may be doubted—it is now being vigorously advocated in various quarters as one solution for the bank failure problem. Predominantly, however, its advocates lean toward a liberalization of the national banking laws to permit extension of the type known as branch banking, and toward various methods of restricting or more completely controlling the other two types, known as chain and group banking. Still holding out against these advocates, however, is a lessening group who pin their faith to the historic unit type of banking as a preventive of dangerous banking monopolies.

THE advocacy of branch banking has more behind it than a desire to save the small, weak banks through their absorption by large central institutions. Its extension is also advocated as a remedy for the increasing tendency of national banks, in states with liberal branch banking laws, to surrender their federal charters, thus weakening the Federal Reserve System, of which national banks are mandatorily members. In his recent annual report Controller Pole expressed considerable alarm at the dwindling importance of the national banking system in the country's financial structure, pointing out that its control of banking resources has dropped from 75 per cent in 1886 to less than 40 per cent at present.

It is upon the extent and nature of multiple banking to be permitted, and upon the conflict between the multiple and unit bankers, that the committee's witnesses may be expected to divide most sharply. Unit bankers may be expected to echo the views expressed in 1924 by Henry M. Dawes, then Controller of the Currency, that branch banking is "absentee banking," monopolistic in character and embodying the rigidity of practice and disregard for local interests that usually go with absentee ownership of any business. Persons who share this view frequently attribute much of the rapid development of this country to the willingness of local bankers to lend for constructive enterprises chiefly upon the known character and ability of the borrower, and contrast this rapid development to the slower growth of Canada, where branch banking is dominant.

Those holding these views, however, appear to be in a decreasing minority, in the face of unit bank failures and the development of much multiple banking outside of the banking laws' purview. The problem now, it seems to be generally felt, is how to amend these laws to conform to and encourage the desirable type of multiple banking and to discourage the undesirable type. To this end, Senator Glass has introduced a bill which would permit national banks to operate state-wide branches in any state which gives state banks the same privilege. Controller Pole would go further than this and permit branch banking by national banks anywhere in the trade areas—to be defined—of the parent bank city. Others, like A. P. Giannini of the great Bank of Italy, of California, and other banking concerns, believe nation-wide branch banking desirable and inevitable.

The McFadden Banking Act of 1927 modified the traditional American opposition to multiple banking to a certain extent and sought to crystallize the situation there. It was soon discovered, however, that even the loosened bonds were still too tight. Banks continued to leave the national system for the greater freedom of state charters. In states which do not permit branch banking, and even in some which do, the still newer groups and chains sprang up, bringing under the domination of holding companies, larger banks, or individuals, other banks which still maintained their corporate identity.

Generally, this chain and group banking is held to be somewhat undesirable. Controller Pole has pointed out that while most of the existing chains are in capable hands and include some of the most ably managed banks in the country, this field is now open to every operator or promoter who is able to buy up bank stocks. Legislation should be framed, these men feel, to encourage branch banking, where only one banking corporation, under direct state or federal supervision, controls all the banks in each system, and to penalize and discourage control of groups of banks by non-supervised and non-banking holding companies.

FOR all the types of multiple banking the various advocates offer similar claims of advantage. Many banks are failing, it is held, because they cannot possibly make enough money to attract or hold capable managers. Centralization, it is argued, will give the smaller banks the benefit of the best management and also produce actual operating economies. A bank doing business through affiliates or branches in diversified territory, it is asserted, runs less risk from local crop or business failures through having such diversification. Almost any one can think of the numerous advantages which can be cited in an era accustomed to consolidations.

When the committee gets to the matter of altering the Federal Reserve Act to discourage use of Reserve credit for stock speculation it will find itself on much more uncertain ground. Political views regarding this problem run all the way from the opinion that the Reserve Board needs only to be strengthened in any practical way and then permitted to use its administration discretion to the belief, for example, that all short selling and marginal trading should be prohibited and the Board dragged in to help enforce such a prohibition. The only pending proposal likely to get serious consideration now is one by Senator Glass to limit borrowings by member banks from the Federal Reserve System for the purpose of making brokers' loans. The desirability and even the efficacy of this plan is doubted in some quarters, however, when it is recalled that in 1929 more than half of the out-

(Please Turn to Page 155)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Profits from Peace in China ◀◀

By GROVER CLARK

PARTICULARLY now but also in the future the United States needs markets for its manufactures. The vast population of China offers a huge potential market. Continued disturbances in that country impoverish the people so that they cannot buy as much as they would if peace prevailed.

Obviously, therefore, it is to the very direct interest of Americans to see peace restored soon in China. From a strictly business point of view, it would be worth while for Americans to put some money into China if such investments would help to secure peace and the consequent increase in the buying power of the Chinese, even if no direct return of the money ever were received. It would be so much the better if money so invested could be put in on a loan basis with reasonable prospects of repayment. The investment would be worth while in any case, if it meant substantial increase in American sales to China.

These are self-evident truths. It is not less true, though perhaps less obvious to those not closely in touch with conditions in China, that in only one way can Americans make any real contribution to the restoration of peace in China—by helping to provide jobs for the millions who now are jobless. The only sure foundation for peace in that country is work for the mass of the people—work which will give them a chance to earn a modest living. At present, as a result of civil wars, famines and floods, many millions must loot if they would live. Two and a half million more are in the armies. These millions are the dragon's teeth from which spring the bandits, the "communists" and the ambitious chieftains who ravage the land. As long as the jobless have no jobs, they will turn bandit or "communist" soldier. Until work can be found for the men in the armies, disbandment is impossible. Ambitious men will gather gangs and start on campaigns for power as long as millions of other men, reckless because destitute, are at hand to be recruited.

Talk of patriotism, of ideals of government, of the need for unselfish devotion to the nation's welfare, will not bring peace. A chance to work, for these millions, will—and that alone. Nor is it necessary to wait until money is available to give work to all before starting the return of prosperity by setting some to work on irrigation projects, road constructions, river conservancy undertakings, colonization ventures and similar activities which will provide jobs for many immediately and in due course will create new prosperity and hence new work for many more. Even a thousand dollars put into this sort of undertaking can accomplish something—vastly more than millions of words about patriotism.

Americans are directly concerned with this problem because peace in China means more business. They also are concerned because China today more than any other part of the world is the ground of battle between American and Soviet ideas of social and economic organization. The Chinese are not normally communists. The country has no vast landed estates, no serf class, no degenerate aristocracy holding great power by inheritance. Property holdings are small. The people are industrious and, with a chance to make a modest living, contented. China, therefore, naturally is barren soil for communism, but the blood of the hundreds of thousands of innocent victims of the civil wars and famines, and the debris of the millions of homes wrecked by war, famine and flood are making that soil fertile for the seeds of desperate remedies so assiduously scattered by Moscow. Whether China will join the Red Internationale or the company of democratic nations will depend largely on whether in the next very few years the millions who now are jobless can get what they most want—not wealth but an opportunity to work and live in humble peace.

In peaceful and prosperous Japan

Americans can help toward that end. Before discussing the means, however, I would point out something of what peace in China would mean in terms of new business.

In spite of civil wars and famines, China's foreign trade grew steadily until 1930. (In the first six months of that year, chiefly because of the fall in the exchange value of silver, China's imports dropped about 14 per cent from the 1929 figure. Exports remained about the same.) Particularly significant, in this trade development, was the sudden turn upward after 1900—the year of the Boxer uprising, that last outburst of Chinese conservatism.

Between 1870 and 1900, for example, the imports increased from Taels 70,000,000 to Taels 210,000,000, or 200 per cent, while the exports grew from Taels 60,000,000 to Taels 160,000,000, or 166 per cent. The imports in 1929, however, were Taels 1,265,000,000 and the exports were Taels 1,045,000,000—increases over 1900 of 500 per cent and 553 per cent respectively. The rate of increase, too, was progressive. In 1929 imports were larger than those for 1920 by nearly two and a half times the total imports of 1900, for example, and the exports for 1929 were larger than those for 1920 by over three times the 1900 exports—even though these years from 1920 to 1929 saw progressive increase in the amount and severity of civil wars.

The per capita figures tell the same story, but from a different angle. These figures show imports per person in 1870 of seventeen tael cents, in 1900 of fifty tael cents and in 1929 of Taels 3.16—an increase of 194 per cent in the first three decades

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

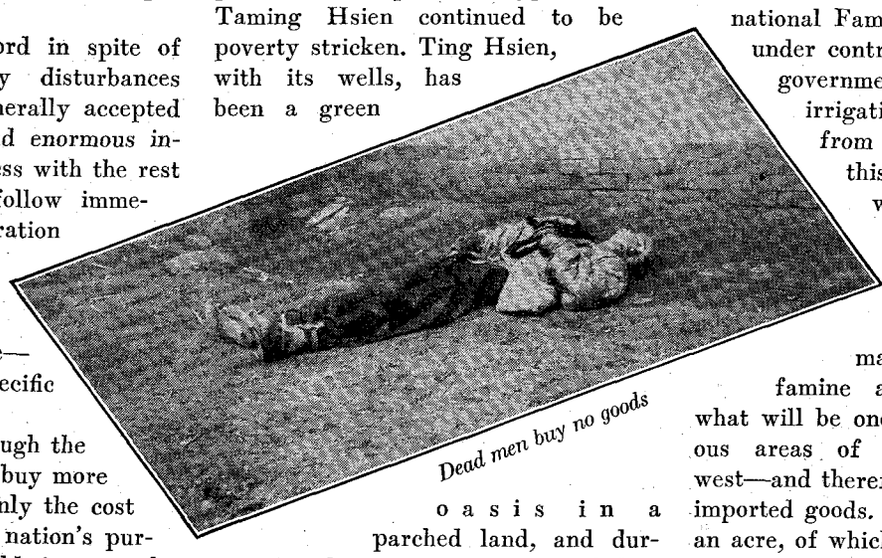
and of 532 per cent in the next thirty years. Per capita exports in 1870 were fifteen tael cents, in 1900 forty tael cents, and in 1929 Taels 2.54—the increases being 188 per cent and 510 per cent in the two periods.

That sort of a record in spite of political and military disturbances amply confirms the generally accepted theory that a quick and enormous increase in China's business with the rest of the world would follow immediately upon the restoration of peace in that country. This restoration of peace therefore is a very practical issue—how practical, some specific illustrations will show.

If each Chinese, through the coming of peace, could buy more than he does now by only the cost of a nickel a week the nation's purchases in a year would increase by nearly a billion dollars. The people of eighteen other nations import more per capita than Americans do, but if the Chinese imported goods to the same amount per capita as Americans did in 1929, the total imports of China would be about three times the total of American exports in 1929. Americans are directly concerned with this question of peace in China. American goods sold to China directly, or indirectly through Japan, have formed about one-fourth of China's total imports, and American imports from China have been in about the same proportion to the totals of Chinese exports. China has been the seventh largest buyer of American goods, and the eighth most important source of American imports. Decidedly it is worth doing something to increase that business.

Something can be done. For instance:

Ting Hsien and Taming Hsien are two neighboring large counties south of Peiping in Hopei province. Both have been chronically drought ridden. Partial crop failures every two or three years were interrupted by complete failure and famine every decade or so. Banditry was endemic. Business was bad. During the famine of 1920-21, as a measure of famine relief, famine victims in Ting Hsien were given jobs digging wells. The relief money for Taming Hsien was put into the soup kitchen type of relief. Taming Hsien continued to be poverty stricken. Ting Hsien, with its wells, has been a green oasis in a parched land, and during this recent famine it needed no relief. Also, it has had no bandits. Also, business of all kinds has been good.



Dead men buy no goods

For instance, again: In 1928 the Manchurian authorities wanted to get out of their armies a particularly troublesome lot of about 20,000 soldiers. They could not simply disband them because most of them would turn bandit. They moved them by motor truck and on foot out into Inner Mongolia, where there are large and unsettled areas of excellent prairie land. They fed the men through the first winter and until the first crops. Later, 25,000 more were sent out. Net result: 45,000 trouble makers disbanded, and a thriving settlement well started. Net cost: not over $5 per man.

Still another instance: In the western part of Suiyuan province (in China's northwest) is a plain of about 330,000 acres. The soil is rich, but the rainfall is small and irregular. In 1929, as a famine relief measure, the China International Famine Relief Commission, under contract with the provincial government, started building an irrigation system to put water from the Yellow River onto this land. Famine victims were used as workers. This past summer the work was practically completed. Net result: a large area permanently insured against famine and transformed into what will be one of the most prosperous areas of China's great northwest—and therefore a large market for imported goods. Net cost: Just over $1 an acre, of which half was paid by the provincial government.

These instances are enough to show what can be done. It is not necessary to postpone all economic rehabilitation work in China until enough money is in hand to do the whole job.

That Suiyuan irrigation case is particularly significant because the contract under which the work was done shows how this sort of undertaking can be put on a straight business basis. That contract provides: *First,* that the money goes in as a loan, to be repaid with interest out of the receipts from the sale of the irrigation water; *second,* that the China International Famine Relief Commission has control not only of the construction and the expenditure of the money during the construction period but also of operation of the works and collection of the water fees until the loan is repaid.

Similar arrangements could be made for irrigation projects elsewhere which would end famines and their consequent disorganization, give jobs to thousands at once, and insure prosperity in the years ahead. For instance: In central Shensi province, just west of where the Yellow River makes its great turn eastward to the sea, is the Wei River valley, an enormously fertile but semi-arid

IN A FAMINE REFUGE IN CHINA
Potential customers saved from death

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plain of a million acres. Periodically the rains fail, as they did in 1927, 1928 and 1929. Famine comes, as it recently has with such severity that four out of the six million inhabitants of this plain died in the last two years, while the survivors have been reduced to appalling destitution, and thousands of peaceful farmers have been forced to turn bandit to live. Water is available to irrigate this plain. A short tunnel through some hills, headwork reservoirs and irrigation ditches alone are needed—these and the money. How much money? Carefully checked surveys show that around one dollar an acre for the million acres would be enough, but only half of this would be needed at the start. That sum would cut the tunnel, build the headworks and dig the water channels for the first third of the area. Water fees would pay for the completion of the job.

Famine relief

With that half million dollars, five thousand men could be kept at work for a couple of years, and sure prosperity would be brought to a huge area. Peace would follow—and the buying power of a population that should mount close to ten million would be increased by very much more than the cost of a nickel a week.

While I was writing this, I learned that work is to be started this spring on part of this project, under the charge of the China International Famine Relief Commission. Money from foreign sources—chiefly American, contributed for famine relief and prevention in China—is to be used in installing headworks, while the Chinese authorities agree to see that the canals to carry the water onto the land are dug. Lack of funds prevents undertaking the project on the basis of putting water on the whole million acres; as things now stand, only about one-third of the area will be irrigated.

I might cite other examples of what has been and can be done along these lines—colonization projects in Manchuria and Mongolia, river conservancy and drainage undertakings, irrigation systems, flood prevention works, road building. The need for this sort of thing is even greater in China than it was in the United States when the West was being opened up. The results in enormously increased prosperity would be greater than the corresponding results which have come with the opening up and irrigation of the American southwest, because many more people would be benefited. And the undertakings of this kind offer a fair chance that the loans for the work will be repaid.

Foreign experience with loans to China in the past has not been encouraging, nor would loans to the Chinese government now be wise. The government loan situation can be stated simply. When the Chinese government's credit is solidly enough established to command the confidence of the Chinese people, it will have no difficulty in borrowing at home as much money as it needs. Until that stage is reached, foreigners who lend money on the general credit of the Chinese government take a risk which the Chinese themselves will not take. The only effective offset to that risk would be substantial control of the expenditure of the money loaned and of reliable sources of revenue. Such guarantees are impossible at present, because any such loan conditions accepted by any Chinese government of today could not be made binding on China in the face of the Chinese demand for full sovereignty. Therefore, as things now stand, a loan to the Chinese government as such would be poor business—quite apart from the inevitable political complications.

The investment of money on a loan basis in specific rehabilitation and reconstruction projects, handled independently of political relations, however, is a very different matter. Such undertakings being entirely outside the political field, the difficulties as to Chinese sovereignty would not arise. Non-political work of this sort would be welcomed by the Chinese government, as the attitude of the government toward such work in the past has shown. Nor would there be objections to foreign control of expenditures and collections of revenues from the projects themselves for the repayment of the loans. In fact, such foreign control would be welcomed in most cases by the responsible authorities as a means of insuring honest administration of Chinese money put into the undertakings with the foreign money—and in every case such Chinese participation should be secured. Where adequate control by the creditors and Chinese financial participation are unobtainable, no foreign loans for such purposes should be made.

Loan contracts for such reconstruction projects could not be guaranteed by any potential threat of foreign military or diplomatic pressure. Any guarantees would have to be the intangible ones of the recognition by the people to be benefited of the benefit which they would get, of the obligation to keep faith, and of the fact that Chinese money also would be involved in the undertaking. These almost surely would suffice up to the time that the collection of revenues began. Whether they would be enough to keep the undertaking free from official seizure after it became a

(Please Turn to Page 158)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Why I Hate Hollywood ◀◀

By PATTERSON MCNUTT

THE gold rush was on. It seemed absurd not to sign a Hollywood contract. I did. After fitting my wrists into the golden handcuffs I made a most unusual decision. I communicated this plan to the lady who goes places with me.

"I was not bound and gagged when I signed this contract," I said. "I'm going to Hollywood of my own free will. I am to be paid rather a handsome sum for my labors. To date I have not gone in for thievery and I trust that I shall be worthy of my hire. Therefore, and to wit, and things like that, we shall not, in spite of the wild, weird and utterly impossible stories we have heard about Hollywood, begin to snoot Hollywood as we pass 125th Street on the Century."

It was so agreed. Result, we spent nine months as hectic members of the feverish group who make talking pictures in Hollywood. Further result, we didn't like it. Third time and out, we hated it.

At this point of this Hollywood narrative I wish to make it clear, in the face of this expressed dislike of Hollywood as it is, that I still have no desire to snoot Hollywood or talking pictures. Any native son can and will point out to you, with truth as well as enthusiasm, a score of facts which make Hollywood a delightful and easy place in which to live. Of friends there is an abundance, charming and able people from the theatre and equally delightful companions who have survived the disappearance of the silent picture and are now carrying on with the shadow that talks like a man. Good talking pictures have been made. Better ones will be made for the excellent reason that talking pictures are now for the first time losing money. The novelty in the shadows suddenly become vocal has worn off. The patron of the picture palace has become adult and discriminating. He demands better pictures. He will get better pictures.

The only real trouble with Hollywood is the executives who control the business of making talking pictures. To date they have made money in spite of themselves. More than an expert knowledge of buttonholes is needed now, however, to make money on the production of talking pictures. This condition may force the Hollywood executive to the decision that it is wise to use brains as well as to buy them. If he does not so decide, then a force known as economic law and his present Wall Street backers will make up his mind for him. When this happens there will be fun as well as profit for those who make pictures, and I believe the dramatic hinterlands will then be better served by fine pictures such as *Holiday* than they were by the No. 10 companies of the dramatic success of twenty years ago. When true creative writing supplants cloaks and suits as the dominant note in Hollywood then talking pictures will be what they should be, competent jobs on the average with here and there a true masterpiece to make the game worth the playing. Broadway does and can do no more.

Hollywood! A city of blinding light, an electrical display which makes Broadway look like a side street in a country village. A town with a seventeen-minute tradition. Witness, a blaze of light and a blare of sound which calls attention to the fact that here may be found YE OLD RADIO SHOPPE. A town of fantastic contrasts. Testimony, a sign in a residential front yard which declares that here may be found THE SOCIETY OF ABSOLUTE TRUTH and SECOND HAND CARS AS GOOD AS NEW. A mining camp, with bespatted and perfumed prospectors, but still as bizarre and utterly fantastic as anything in the days '49. "Thar's pictures in them thar sound stages." A town with a single interest, getting those pictures made. A town with only a single topic of conversation, pictures. A perpetual charade. You walk the street and snatches of conversation emerge from the babble of the prospectors intent on staking claims.

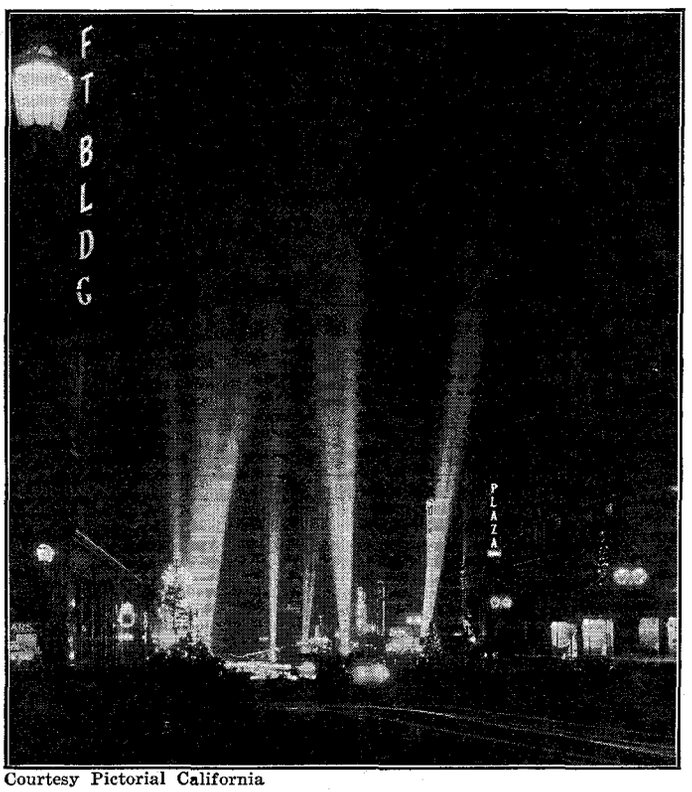
"This girl is in love with a dope fiend, see. We open with a big shot of the navy passing in review, see. Then our boy jumps off a cliff because his old mother in Ireland— I think if you made the girl a high society dame the love angle would be, you know what I mean, more classy."

At lunch General Robert E. Lee sits at an adjoining table in company with Peter Pan, Disraeli, Beethoven, Iris March and Moe Ginsberg. Moe is in the throes of creative passion.

"I tell you," Moe declares, "we gotta smash finish for this picture. It's an epuk. At the finish the heavy says, 'I'll win that girl by fair means or foul,' but the hero comes back fast and love conquers all. Fade!"

Moe is omnipresent. It is Moe who reads the scenario fashioned from the script of a New York play, and for criticism writes: "I understand when this play was done in New York it had a great deal of dialogue in it." Moe comments again on another script: "I don't like this scene. It is between the nobility and there isn't an epigram in it."

Moe decides to go into the higher and finer things of life. He will do a costume piece, no less. The background has class. The story seems to lack a certain distinction and even a normal coherence, but Moe puts up a violent argument



Courtesy Pictorial California

Christmas in Hollywood

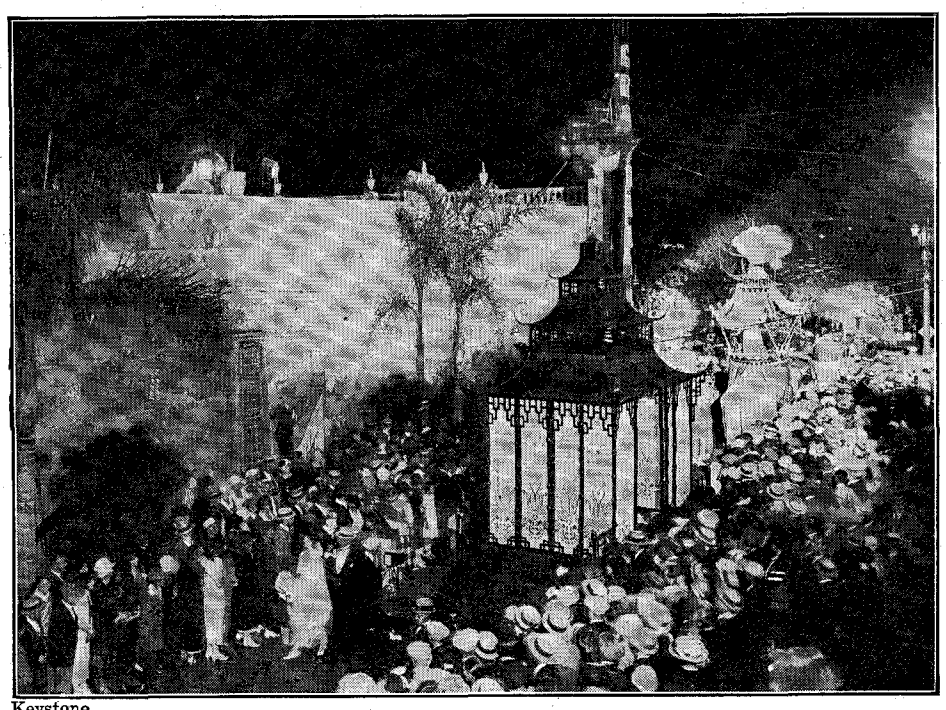
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

for his newly taken position.

"I tell ya it's lousy with class," he screams. "Classy! Listen, ain't it all laid in and around Louis XIV?"

Moe has a protective eye out for the stockholders. An author is reading a script in conference. One of his characters declares, in comment on another character, "I tell you the man is a buffoon." Moe leaps to his feet. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," he growls. "What's a wind storm got to do with this picture? We don't need it and it's too expensive." It is explained to him that buffoons are not as expensive as typhoons, but now he has a weather eye out for his public. New words shall not be spoken tonight. He gets the switchboard operator on the telephone. "'Do you know what a buffoon is, Helen?' he asks. 'I thought you didn't.' It's out. Call the guy something else. Don't give me no argument. It may be in the dictionary but it ain't going to be in this picture."



Keystone

HOLLYWOOD

"That little island of sex appeal entirely surrounded by paid admissions"

A newly arrived stage director is assigned to make a talking picture test of a lady who was a star in silent pictures. The director reads the first line of the scene.

The Director: "I understand, Miss Beaconhill, that you are a member of one of the old Boston families."

The Star: "Yeah. I yam."

P. S. Moe gives her the job.

The Hollywood Conference. The discovery in the first conference that Hollywood executives are utterly insane, so much so that they do everything backwards. The proof. Here is an organization with an investment of millions represented in cameras, sound equipment, stages, electrical apparatus, publicity departments, sales forces, theatres, and so on. The sole eventual purpose of this organization is to tell a good dramatic story to the public. Hence everything is arranged for in advance with breath-taking efficiency except the story to tell.

The conference assembles. An executive explains to the score or more of strange people gathered in the smoke-filled office that the story has a title. The title is *Sixty-Four Blondes*. Months before some one—the betting is even that it was Moe—had the brilliant notion that this title would have drawing power if exhibited on the marquee of a theatre. A picture called *Sixty-Four Blondes* has already been sold to the exhibitors. The picture has not been made yet and there is no story for it, but by the high gods of ninety million paid admissions it has been sold. A star has been assigned to a stellar rôle yet to be conceived. A supporting cast has been put under contract and a director is even now planning effects with a big bathroom scene which will surely be in the picture when it is finally shipped. Now that all of this has been arranged for, the last minor detail of getting the story is to be attended to.

One assumes that inasmuch as a story is to be told, story-tellers have been invited to this conference. Wrong! This one is a publicity man. This one is personal secretary to the vice-president. This one is an insurance agent who had a date with the particular executive in charge of this conference and who was asked in to help out with the story-making chores. Eventually an author is discovered, a harassed and unhappy individual who is the author-to-be of *Sixty-Four Blondes*. He doesn't know anything about blondes and he doesn't care about blondes. No one even suggests that somebody stake him to a blonde just as a matter of information. However and notwithstanding, he is going to be the author of *Sixty-Four Blondes*. Eventually he is the author and obviously it turns out to be that kind of a picture.

The reason for the Hollywood story conference is at first obscure and then obvious. The Hollywood executive is afraid. He has no conviction to sustain his courage. He doesn't want to tell the public anything. He wants to sell it something. He wants desperately to know what the public wants. Obviously the public itself doesn't know what it wants. In his fear, however, the Hollywood executive feels that a gang collected in one room may discover that mysterious thing known as "what the public wants." To the Hollywood executive the public is a wild animal which can make or destroy him. In his extremity, therefore, he collects his gang around him in conference in the hope that numbers will tame this wild animal. It is no news that great publishers and great impresarios have formed public taste. The Hollywood executive panders to it.

The solution of the current trouble with Hollywood is the author. When the shadows began to talk the immediate and pressing question was: "What are you going to talk about?" Obviously there is only one person who can give them interesting and dramatic things to talk about, the author. When talking pictures came in the author became overnight the most important person in Hollywood. I mean by this that he became this important figure according to any sane standard of values. In fact, he still runs third. Both the star and the director still, in salary and regard, are above him in the calculation of the Hollywood executive. Again it is not a matter of news that stars and directors

(Please Turn to Page 157)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ The Country Store Survives ◀◀

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

TOM GOOD has kept a cross-road store at Prosperity, Arkansas, for forty-four years. You probably couldn't find Prosperity on a map, but Prosperity is, nevertheless, a reality. Tom Good conceived the name when he first started the store.

We seated ourselves on the counter beneath an overhanging stock of assorted lamp chimneys, baking soda and axe handles.

"You know what?" Tom asked.

We didn't. But we looked on the query as significant, since it indicated that Tom Good was in the mood for talking business, which for him is rare.

"People keep saying that the country store is dying. If they'd ask me, I would say that the country store is just now commencing to live."

Tom then referred to some published results of the new occupation census.

Serving the six and a half million farm families of the United States are about two hundred thousand singly operated merchandising establishments which may rightfully be called country stores. Of the nation's total return from farm crop, which in a normal year is estimated at about twelve billion dollars, fully half passes through the country store. The total number of rural merchandising establishments has remained virtually staple for the last five years, decreasing slightly in New England and the corn belt, but increasing in the South and the Pacific Coast area. Noting this rather surprising survival, one naturally begins to reckon on hows and wherefores. What particular advantages does the country merchant have over the town merchant or chain store that it can so survive through this vicious battle of modernity? Tom Good took real pleasure in answering that one:

"In the first place, the country store has the advantage of directness—intimacy between merchant and customer, close understanding of the regular and seasonable needs of a given farm community. Country storekeepers are usually home folks, bred to the ways and views of their neighborhood. In competition with the town merchant, the country storekeeper should have the advantage of cheapness of rent and overhead, plus the human element of personal proprietorship. The country merchant can sell a mighty big range of goods at a profit. Here in this little shop I carry in stock better than five hundred articles. Mighty few chain or department stores in towns, say of ten to twenty-five thousand people, would have a wider list.

"The country store has natural history on its side. A farming community needs a trade center now the same as it always did. Fine highways and cheap automobiles have taken most of the time and labor out of going to market; they haven't done away with the expense of travel—not by a whole lot.

"The farmer of today spends a bigger portion of his income for merchandise than he did ten years ago. In making out its index figures, taking the years between 1910 and 1914 as 100, the Department of Agriculture estimates now that the farmer receives for his produce 133 and pays out for necessary merchandise 154. All of which is a little sad for the farmer, but it should be in the storekeeper's favor. I believe it is, more often than not.

"Another big advantage lies in the possibilities for barter trade. At least a third of my business is done in barter. I take herbs, hides, poultry, eggs, cream and butter, and sometimes strawberries, potatoes, fruit and corn in exchange for store goods. That gives a double profit, a little profit on the produce, plus the regular profit on the merchandise. That means I can whittle both profits down to the very bone and still stay in business.

"Available side-lines provide another chance for survival. A good many country stores still house post offices. That helps hold the trade and provides reasonable pay for time and trouble. If he sees fit, a country storekeeper can equip himself to practice pharmacy. In the old days lots of country storekeepers turned barber on Saturday afternoons. A few of them do still. Or one can equip himself to do leather mending, milk testing, egg candling, tire repairing or auto servicing, or even blacksmith work, if he has a bend for it. There are plenty of outlets for initiative.

"A country merchant ought to have the advantage of countryside friendship. His store should be a handy gathering place for neighboring people; a center where farm folks can come to spend an off afternoon or a rainy day; where they can talk things over and come to a better understanding of farming ways and crops and each other."

There was a pause, during which we helped ourselves to a handful of soda crackers and several slivers of cheese. Then as we gazed out the door towards myriad acres of sunflooded farm lands, a lean-chested hound strolled in to beg a morsel of the cheese. When we had complied, the animal trotted on his way, leaving behind a faint

Ewing Galloway

THE COUNTRY STORE—200,000 STILL SURVIVE

Neither the automobile nor chains have been able to drive them out. Here is an old-time store

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aroma of sylvan hollows and vanquished polecats.

"Are methods in farm merchandise changing much?"

Tom Good ran a brown hand through his bristling gray hair, took out his pipe, crammed it with good tobacco, struck a match on his breeches leg and lighted up.

"Sure the business is changing. If it weren't the game wouldn't have lasted this long. And it certainly wouldn't have the future that it does. Why let me tell you—"

Here is part of what he told:

Nowadays farm trade is coming to be advertised trade. It is calling for quality goods at big production prices in place of the medium or low medium stock which it dispensed twenty, or even ten years ago. Even in the remotest of farm areas you will find the successful country store stocked with products of nationally established quality; widely advertised brands of good tobacco, candy, coffee, flour, canned goods, clothing, shoes, hats, cooking utensils and farm machinery, all effectively displayed. The run of country stores are cleaner and better equipped today than they were ten years ago. Screens and awnings and glass showcases are becoming the rule rather than the exception. Cash registers are greatly on the increase.

Tom Good has noticed a number of more specific changes. One is that the lure of coupons is waning. Inferior coffees and soaps no longer sell merely through virtue of coupon prizes. Cheap candies and petrol sweets have gone the way of spring buggies. For country people, regular consumers of sweets, have definitely acquired greater respect for the palate and the welfare of the digestive tract. Chewing gum remains consistently popular with the rural trade. Canned goods, potted meat, fine teas and coffee are of increasing use. Cigarettes hold consistent patronage, but at present Dame Nicotine appears to reign most forcefully in pipe tobaccos of good quality. During the last three or four years breakfast foods and cereals have come into consistent demand, a further evidence that the farm table is improving in quality and digestibility.

Ready-made wearing apparel of good style and quality is selling consistently both to men and women. Silk stockings have come to be a requisite stock. Tom Good finds that in his own trade they outsell the cotton hosiery at least four to one. Shoes are becoming more comfortable and better looking. Farm women are calling for pumps that are dainty as well as wearable. For men, hats are generally replacing caps. For women hats have superseded their sunbonnets.

Traditional farm credit is fast being replaced by the more expedient philosophy of cash and carry, although country trade remains, as it has always been, a traditionally honest trade. Tom Good's bad accounts represent less than one per cent of his total volume of business.

But in one very basic respect, the country store stays the same. It remains an exchange center for dollars and goods, for ideas and farm philosophy, for companionship and conversation and day dreaming. Its company encompasses the entire scope of rural humanity, young and old, landed and landless, ragged and replete. Old country men who have spent their hearty years testing out the glamorous fecundity of flesh and earth gather to re-live old times. Old wives come for a speculative hour of barter, and look serenely upon the world which they no longer have cause to fear. Countryside sages in faded overalls ponder over lost causes and impossible allegiances. There are sunbrowned scholars in the first toils of book learning: yearning maidens grown restlessly romantic; barefooted urchins bent on devilment; fuzzy-faced farm boys come to observe the ways of commerce and prosperity; little girls with classic names and sunbrowned legs come to buy a spool of thread or a nickel's worth of shoe buttons, and in the course of buying to listen to the words of great and knowing men. There are traveling salesmen with hard derbys and tin sample cases; itinerant lawyers, gregarious politicians who dispense good advice and bad cigars. Tramp printers come, medicine men, faith doctors, dime photographers, bunion artists and sellers of Bibles—humanity in a commonplace but colorful parade.

Ewing Galloway

THE COUNTRY STORE CARRIES 500 ITEMS

It may be a pharmacy as well as a forum, and occasionally a blacksmith shop

Romances begin at country stores. Picnics and play-parties are organized and invitations are set broadcast. Homepainted signs with twisted S's and nondescript E's still point the way to many a citadel of rural trade. Battered doors and weather-grayed walls continue to hold notices of auction sales and assessor dates, Blood Hound Chewing Tobacco, Iron Blood Tonics, circuses and speakings, and in time of war, casualties and conscriptions.

But Tom Good was speaking further of points in modernity.

"Look about for the things country trade calls for now that it virtually hadn't heard of five years ago. See that stock of cereals yonder—five hundred dollars' worth of it. All selling, too, and every bit of it has been recently introduced to farm trade through national advertising. Ten years ago I stocked

(Please Turn to Page 157)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What About Wages?

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THERE are many indications that in coming months the wage question is going to receive an increasing amount of attention. Until very recently most industrialists and business leaders have been loath to discuss the possibility of lower wage-scales. They have hoped that the high wages which have been associated with our prosperity might be retained, and that business conditions might soon improve sufficiently to eliminate any need of considering wage readjustments as part of the process of getting back to normal.

As yet there is no pronounced change of opinion in this respect, but with the continuance of subnormal activity in trade and industry faith in the efficacy of high wages is beginning to be shaken, and the doubting Thomases are voicing their skepticism. The recent comment of Albert H. Wiggin, Chairman of the Chase National Bank, in his annual report to the stockholders is significant. After declaring that high wages do not make prosperity, but that prosperity makes high wages, he added: "When wages are kept higher than the market situation justifies, employment and the buying power of labor fall off. American business has proved its good will in dealing with labor on this point in the past year, and in many industries may reasonably ask labor to accept a moderate reduction of wages designed to reduce costs and to increase both employment and the buying power of labor."

In making this statement the head of the world's largest bank had evidently weighed his words carefully and was not reflecting merely his individual opinion but that of an influential section of the business community. This view is not to be confused with that of the hard-boiled employer who insists that all our present troubles are due to the fact that high wages have forced the mechanization of industry and thus brought overproduction and unemployment.

The more conservative view of the wage problem, as voiced by Mr. Wiggin and others, suggests a readjustment which shall not lower the wage-earner's standard of living. The idea is to bring retail prices, rentals and wages into line with the new price level of raw materials. The worker's money income would be somewhat reduced, but with his living costs lowered he would suffer no loss of purchasing power.

It is argued further that unless wages are readjusted in this manner it will be impossible to bring down retail prices sufficiently to stimulate the consumption of surplus stocks of finished goods. Once retail prices are brought into line, consumer buying power will improve, production will pick up, the demand for labor will increase and business will be able at last to extricate itself from the vicious circle into which it fell in 1930.

This new attitude toward wages is due in large measure to the persistence of the industrial depression and to the growing belief that a business revival can come only by a reduction of costs and the gaining of wider markets. The same view has gained wide acceptance in Germany and Italy, and it appears to be gaining ground in Great Britain.

In Germany the government has adopted a definite program for bringing down prices in order to win new markets for German goods, and its program includes an adjustment of wages to the lower price level without actually reducing real wages. The German Minister of Finance, Dr. Dietrich, has recently advocated the abolition of doles for the unemployed, which now amount to about $750,000,000 per year, and the use of this fund to stimulate industry, so that the workers may obtain jobs instead of doles.

In England the case for a wage readjustment has found an advocate in Henry Clay, a noted economist who is serving on a commission investigating the British system of unemployment insurance. Mr. Clay is convinced that the loss of foreign markets is the chief source of Britain's woes. He finds also that British producers have failed to adjust their costs to the world level, and he concludes that if they regain their foreign business they must offer their goods at prices which will attract buyers. Britain thus faces three possible courses: it must find new modes of economic activity, or accept lower levels of remuneration, or keep prices high with restricted production.

These European diagnoses are of considerable interest in the United States. Here we have undertaken deliberately to maintain a price level above that of the world markets. Some of our political leaders have an idea that if we can make prices high enough and trade only with ourselves our prosperity cannot be shaken. The Federal Farm Board's experiments with wheat and cotton are an outgrowth of such a notion. Many private industries have likewise sought to maintain prices at an artificial level, usually with unfortunate results, as shown, for example, by the experience last year of the copper industry.

Our huge surplus stocks of raw materials and our millions of unemployed attest the need of more buying. Some people have undertaken to spread the gospel of spending. If everybody will only turn loose a little of his savings, they say, prosperity will come back with a rush. If this happened, it would be the first time in history that prosperity has been made to order. It would be the first time also that it has been developed by consumers going deliberately counter to their instincts.

There is another way to stimulate spending which is urged by some observers of the economic scene as being more natural and therefore more likely to succeed: instead of asking people to buy from a sense of duty, entice them with lower prices. The way to increase buying power is to bring retail prices within reach of the buyers. But how? The proponents of this idea point to the elimination of waste as one means. Some of them go further, as we have seen, and propose a moderate reduction of money wages.

If it is objected that this means "taking it out of labor" and that lower wages cannot possibly mean greater buying, they answer that the placing of part-time workers on full time and providing work for the four or five million now unemployed will actually bring a substantial increase in the workers' purchasing power.

So far the number of wage reductions has been surprisingly small. Reports to the United States Department of Labor indicate that only about 5 per cent of the factories in this country reduced wages in 1930, although the laying off of workers and the resort to part-time were quite general. In spite of the growing talk of readjustments, employers as a class are disposed to make no immediate move toward this end. Many of them look for better prices, and if these come wage-scales are likely to hold firm for the industries concerned. But if prices are stabilized near their present levels the story may be different.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Bonus-A-Um

HAVING followed the Bethlehem-Youngstown case for readers of the OUTLOOK for nearly a year, we hoped, after making a special report on the Jenkins decision, to declare a Bethlehem moratorium. This seems to be impossible, for Bethlehem is already back on the front page to defend its bonus system against an attack launched by dissatisfied stockholders.

The complainants are Benjamin Glickfeld and James E. Riley of New York, Camillus Berendt of Hoboken and David Tait of Hackensack. Their combined holdings of Bethlehem stock amount to 556 shares. On January 13 their attorneys brought action in Court of Chancery at Newark to compel an accounting, and refunding of any part determined to be excessive, of $36,493,000 distributed as bonuses to high officials of Bethlehem from 1911 to 1930.

Vice-Chancellor Backes signed an order directing that the officers and directors of the corporation named as defendant show cause why they should not give an accounting and also show cause why the payment of further bonuses should not be restrained pending the outcome of the suit.

Charles M. Schwab, founder and chairman of the board of Bethlehem, has issued a statement accepting full responsibility for the bonus system, which he says he borrowed from Andrew Carnegie and established at Bethlehem when he bought the Bethlehem Steel Company. "I shall gladly defend the bonus system," said Mr. Schwab, "with any stockholders who may question its propriety in any respect." It looks as though Mr. Schwab might have, in the very near future, a conspicuous opportunity to make such a defense.

Any Way Out

NO ONE who follows the news of business in the United States can fail to be impressed by the wide variety of efforts now being made to improve general conditions, restore normal buying and debt-paying, and substitute confidence and hope for the fear which paralyzed so many of us during 1930.

New Orleans, for example, has improved on the "Buy Now" slogan by making it "Pay Your Debts—and Then Buy." Chicago has successfully promoted the idea that "Steady Buying Steadies Business." New York is responding to Charles De Forest's suggestion, "Spend All You Can," which, however, is interpreted not to mean as fast as you can.

Florida has developed an ingenious "Ten Dollar Check Plan." A hundred large-sized certified checks of ten dollars each were put into circulation, with the provision that no check might be held by any individual or business concern for more than twenty-four hours. The checks may be used only by endorsement for the payment of debts.

It would be easy to ridicule these slogans and the attempts of American business to pull itself out of the slough of despond by its own boot-straps, but if any smart paragrapher moves to do so, we hope he chokes.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) January 15—77.9. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) January 15—68.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended January 3 (holiday week)—615,382 cars (increase of 76,968 over preceding week; reduction of 160,373 under same week of 1929-30).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended January 10—40% of capacity (increase of 4% over preceding holiday week; reduction of 25% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended January 10—daily average gross 2,084,900 barrels (increase of 2,800 over preceding week; reduction of 604,350 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended January 10—238,000 bushels (reduction of 47,000 under preceding week and of 1,374,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended January 15—$8,357,565,000 (reduction of 27.2% under preceding week and of 24.4% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended January 15—796 (reduction of 131 under preceding week; increase of 158 over same week of 1930).

A Youthful Industry

WHEN Dr. Arthur D. Little came down from Cambridge to Columbia University to receive a medal awarded each year to "the American chemist who has most distinguished himself by his services to applied chemistry," he made an address in Havemeyer Hall which stamped him not only as an outstanding expert in his field, but also as a keen student of business and a discriminating appraiser of industrial trends.

Industries, said Dr. Little, age like human beings. They have the hazards and diseases of childhood, the capacity for development in vigorous youth, the stability and strength of maturity, and the conservatism and atrophy of age. The railroads are old, the automobile is approaching middle age, but our chemical industries are in their energetic and elastic youth, with their great development still before them.

Getting down to cases, Dr. Little showed that while steel production has declined to below 40 per cent of capacity, the chemical industries have withstood the depression very well. During the slump they brought out cellophane, new plastics, synthetic ammonia, methanol and many other new products. They have developed new catalysts, high-pressure processes and equipment, and have gone to new extremes of temperature both up and down the scale.

Banking Origins

OUT of Washington and Lee University comes the 49th Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essay in economics, *National and State Banks* (Houghton, Mifflin $3) by Leonard C. Helderman.

Starting with the panic of 1837, the author critically examines the chief banking systems of the United States in the following quarter-century, giving an informing account of the free-bank systems of Massachusetts and New York, the origin and growth of clearing houses, the wildcat banks of the Middle West and the land banks of the South.

In recommending the setting up of a national banking system, Secretary Chase said that his proposal was not an "untried theory," but that it was based on practical experience. Professor Helderman's volume covers, in the main, the experience which Secretary Chase had in mind.

While this book, being concerned with origins, is chiefly of historical interest, it should be welcomed by bankers and students of banking. It is a record of principles that were developed by the states and tested in the laboratory of their experience before they were given national application. Dr. Helderman's painstaking and scholarly study testifies to the remarkable creative power of the states under a federal system, to the constructive character of the Jacksonian era in finance, and, what is possibly most significant of all, to the continuity of American financial institutions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Re-Enter Benes of Czechoslovakia ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

RECENTLY a well-known American war correspondent, traveler, observer of international affairs and writer of books about them, returned from a tour of Europe, and said:

"In my opinion the greatest single obstacle to the stabilization of political and economic conditions in Central Europe is the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister, Eduard Benes."

Such an estimate, it seems to me, is rather rough on Benes. But that is neither here nor there. This article is neither paean of praise nor hymn of hate. It is written primarily to call attention to the fact that Eduard Benes is in the limelight again. Not only traveling observers from America but also European fellow-statesmen are keeping an eye on him.

"Benes again!" mutter these statesmen—and, as they mutter, they clutch, in hands held nonchalantly behind their backs, bricks or bouquets, as the case may be. Whereupon Benes makes a speech or a move, and a flock of bricks and bouquets are launched at his head, and Benes goes on serenely dodging the one, catching the other, making faces at some fellow-statesmen, bowing politely to others—just as he has been doing ever since the Republic of Czechoslovakia was born twelve years ago.

Foreign Ministers may come and Foreign Ministers may go, but Benes goes on for—well, for twelve years, anyhow. In the autumn of 1918, when the Austro-Hungarian Empire crumbled to pieces, and, out of its ruins, emerged the Republic of Czechoslovakia, its president was Professor Thomas Garrigue Masaryk and its Foreign Minister Eduard Benes. For years before that the two had been conspiring hand in glove to free their native land (known, when it was subject to the Hapsburgs, as Bohemia) from Austro-Hungarian rule. Masaryk spent weary months in prison on account of his rebellious activities; free at last, he continued his patriotic work, largely here in the United States. And, always at his elbow—conspiring ceaselessly on Austro-Hungarian soil, spiriting himself across the Austro-Hungarian frontier, with a forged passport, resuming conspiracy on foreign soil—was Eduard Benes.

Finally, the War ended and Czechoslovakia became one of the world's nations. Its first recognition as such, by the way, was here in New York, with Professor Masaryk bowing acknowledgment to enthusiastic American admirers, in the lobby of the hotel where he was staying. Masaryk returned to Czechoslovakia, to be proclaimed president of Czechoslovakia. And Benes, no longer forced to hide and flee and doctor passports, opened his office as Foreign Minister in a wing of the vast Hradçany citadel-palace at Prague. It was there he received me in 1920. And, in 1929, when I called again, he was still there—in the same office, on the same job, at the same desk—a record for a post-war European Foreign Minister!

EDUARD BENES
Godfather and sponsor of the Little Entente

Professor Masaryk, still president of Czechoslovakia, is over eighty and getting too old to govern. But Eduard Benes, only fifty, is in his prime. And it is well for Benes that, unlike his chief, the splendid old savant-statesman, he is still hale and hearty and ready to fight at the drop of the hat. For the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister is confronted with the most serious situation that has arisen since the good ship Czechoslovakia first sailed out upon the tempestuous seas of European politics.

The first post-war years presented difficulties galore to the Masaryk-Benes combination. Yet they were, in a way, plain sailing.

The nations of Southeastern Europe could be divided then, roughly, into Top Dogs and Under Dogs. The former were Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia—by virtue of their affiliations with France, victor in the war. The Under Dogs—because they had picked the loser in the big fight—were Hungary, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. No matter how much the Under Dogs might growl the Top Dogs carried all before them.

Three of them—Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia—formed the Little Entente, of which Benes was godfather, sponsor and mentor. He might speak in Czech, but his accent was French; he might mail his edicts from Prague, but they might just as well have been postmarked Paris. Southeastern Europe knew quite well who was pulling the strings to which Benes danced.

Now, however, there has come a change which may tax the political powers of Eduard Benes if he is to turn it to the advantage of Czechoslovakia.

The old, plain lines of demarcation are being obliterated. Italy, one of the victors of the World War, being at loggerheads with France, her fellow-victor, is brazenly flirting with the Under Dogs of Southeastern Europe. Mussolini, restlessly scheming, is intent on making Italian influence paramount in that quarter, on undermining the influence of France and tampering with the foundations of the Little Entente.

He is most friendly with Albania; he is signaling amicably to Kemal Pasha, over in Turkey; he is telling the Greeks what nice fellows they are; he has married an Italian Princess to the Bulgarian King; he loses no opportunity to hold hands with Hungary; and he has refrained for months from kicking the Southern Tyroleans about because they are not enthusiastic at having been changed overnight from Austrians into Italians. Mussolini is even ogling Rumania—actually tampering with the pro-French sentiments of a member of the Little Entente!

Benes is fully aware of the seriousness of the situation. He is on the alert. You can't indulge in day-dreaming in Southeastern Europe nowadays. If you do, you will suddenly fly out of the window of your office, while a successor of determined mien and ferocious personal habits sits down hard at your desk and finishes the letters to fellow-statesmen which you had started to dictate.

(Please Turn to Page 156)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

"FESTIVAL" by Struthers Burt (Scribner's $2.50). In one of the final chapters of his novel, Mr. Burt introduces a traditional character, a harlequin who steps to the front of the stage and explains what has been going on. This is a drunken and extremely articulate painter who says that "Life's a fiesta, and no matter how miserable you may be yourself, at the worst you're a spectator, and you've been let in free. . . . It's damn good fun and exciting, and that's true no matter what happens to you. . . . And don't believe that a fiesta is all beer and tambourines . . . . a lot of people have been working damned hard . . . . and somebody is always getting hurt. . . . There's constant disillusion, too . . . . and if you're bored, there's quiet outside. . . ." This is life as Dorn Griffiths, the leading character in *Festival,* means to lead it, following his re-education at the hands of his daughter. Mr. Burt believes in the superior honesty or in the clearer sight of the post-war generation. It is Dorn's daughter, Delice, who helps her father to get rid of his grossest self-deceptions and to approach the last scenes of his fiesta with gusto. A successful banker, Dorn retires from business in middle age and hopes to retire from human contacts, buying himself a house and garden at the symbolically named village of Safe End. But there are three women between Dorn and the safe end, his wife, his friend and his daughter. Delice is married to an Italian prince, a figure of moth-eaten elegance and half-hearted vice, and in love with an American architect. Dorn may have believed that he was needed as an adjustor of Delice's difficulties, a solver of her problems; he soon found that she needed him only as sympathetic audience. This was, indeed, what all his women wanted of him, admiring sympathy. The experiences in Philadelphia, New York and Italy which make up the action of *Festival* are purely educational to Dorn. He has to do with events, some of them extremely upsetting to his sense of order; but mostly he has to do with women. The women represent types not unfamiliar to readers of novels by American men; the wife, her eyes fixed upon career, blind to the spiritual needs of her husband; the platonic friend, with whom he plays a pretty romance of undying passion restrained by sense of duty, until education opens his eyes to her timorous selfishness; the ordinary gold-digger, who washes away some of his vanity; and the daughter, brilliant, wise, self-sufficient, honest. Of these women, the daughter is idealized, the others typical. The preoccupation with emotional problems into which his daughter's experience plunges Dorn give Mr. Burt the opportunity for a good deal of mature and measured discussion of those problems. He is at his best in such discussion, where a distinguished sense of values and a delicate and acute touch are more often wanted than found among American novelists. But there is some question in this reviewer's mind as to Mr. Burt's belonging among the novelists. If he chose some such form as that used by the French author of *Eva* (reviewed last week), which allows for the maximum of reflection with the minimum of plot construction, there would be no question about it. To this reviewer, Mr. Burt's fiction, and *Festival* perhaps more than any, presents the spectacle of a poet and a preacher collaborating on a novel. The preacher, just now, is convinced of the need for combating the propaganda of spiritual expatriates. His text is *America is a great country; Americans are wonderful people.* His sermon is an amplification of that text with illustration. The illustrations are scenes and incidents, vigorously or humorously or tenderly described, entertaining, moving, effective, true. But the poet, although not undisposed toward philosophy, is first of all a lover of pure beauty. His part is to sing her praises. And Beauty is a woman without a country. First the preacher steps aside, somewhat grudgingly, for the poet. Then the poet remembers a little symbolism will please the preacher. The result of the collaboration of these two romantic idealists is a book clamorous with life, mellow with reflection; itself a sort of fiesta where one acts, watches, thinks about acting and watching.—F. L. R.

From "The Life of Christ" in woodcuts, by James Reid (Farrar and Rinehart)

"MISS AMERICA" by J. W. Turner (Knopf $2). Flashes of acerbity stream upon the American stage from many minds. Indeed, it is obvious that business-kings lack subtle souls, that the cinema takes flights from reality, that passionate professional sports are preposterous, and that the new crop of unfettered females flounders uneasily. You therefore open *Miss America* with a degree of derision. But your derision is soon stifled and forgotten. From this erratically choppy poem where the author creeps into the body of a fashionable society women and bespeaks her mind, there leaps the truth. Scalding sometimes and sometimes wistful, the spirit which Mr. Turner has caught now flays you with its ugliness, now flowers into beauty. Miss America's story bears all the familiar earmarks and is, in itself, of no importance. The daughter of a limelight architect, she marries a handsome athlete, a depend-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able nitwit, produces three children, and, after nine years, departs for Reno and a divorce. On this bleak skeleton, however, are hung the fragments of opinions, of dreams, and of desires which defy your resistance. Miss America has not lived, has not loved, and has accomplished nothing at the end of the poem, but in her awareness of the zero of her years lies the comment of the book. She is wholly aware, aware with the vitality, vulgarity, and idealistic folly of her birthright. Here is the sum of her discovery:

Those who have eaten of the tree of knowledge
Too early or by pathways serpentine
Must bear the burden of their sinister talent
(If talent it was, not merely learnt at college),
And, if they know their loss, an equivalent
Depth is given them, strange harmony
To innocent rapture's candid melody!

If this poem of Mr. Turner's has the jagged contour of satire, it has also the fine-spun stuff of understanding. It is a challenge ending with a question. Can this rash, tortured lady, Miss America, lay at the feet of her daughters, as the trophy of the defeated, some weapon with which they may go forth and conquer? Perhaps no answer exists; at least, the question, bravely couched, should claim consideration.—V. P. R.

"Back Street" by Fannie Hurst (Cosmopolitan $2.50). The most expert sob-sister among our novelists has chosen, here, a theme essentially tragic, as all waste is tragic, and traditionally sordid. She has developed the theme into a tragedy which is not sordid in spirit nor in any way sensational in treatment and which need not have been vulgar. The vulgarity is unhappily a fault of style. Miss Hurst has so much talent that her faults must always distress those who cherish good fiction. She has a powerful dramatic sense; her plots are solidly built; her characters are full-bodied; she creates always an atmosphere of reality; the conflicts of her plots and characters are always spontaneous, self-created in effect. But her ideas about people, things and life have a tinny crudity about them. Had she adopted, in writing *Back Street,* the angle of vision which was the heroine's, this crudity would have been valid. But she did not do so; she wrote from the angle of the detached author; and as her heroine, Ray Schmidt, unhappy dweller on the back street of men's lives, might have written. *Back Street* is a story of maternal instinct gone astray. The strength, persistence and frequent waste of this instinct is a favorite theme with Fannie Hurst. "I give" is the motto of Ray Schmidt's life. She becomes, for love, the mistress of a Jewish banker, becomes "Saxel's shadow," effacing her sweet and strong personality for the sake of waiting upon his pleasure and convenience; and, after twenty years of devotion, is left by his cowardice and negligence to die of starvation. The poignant details of this life of self-abnegation, this particular "bed of roses," have a nobility curiously in contrast to the tawdry and furtive scenes among which the life is passed. The woman's sodden devotion is emphasized by the man's pathetic egoism, just as the clumsy failure of the man's personal life is emphasized by his noisy success in business. Miss Hurst's faults seem, to this reviewer, to be all defects of taste, some of them perhaps racial, but more of them temperamental. There is a lack of measure in her work. Especially she heaps up woe. Her books are apt, if they are tragedies, to have one final scene which makes too great demands upon the reader's poise or courtesy. In *Back Street* there is such a scene, and readers who are squeamish (actually) had better omit the last fifteen pages and so avoid the unnecessary details of the death of Ray's dog, Babe. Perhaps Miss Hurst is the perfect motion picture novelist. With her there is a little too much of everything. Success is gold plated and wears too many diamonds, and tragedy wails too loud and long.

F. L. R.

"Uphill Steps in India" by M. L. Christlieb (Houghton, Mifflin $2). The author of this intimate picture of everyday life in India is a missionary. Her particular point of view no doubt colors her opinions, but the fact is that among non-Indians only a missionary could have gotten so far into and seen so much of Indian home life. She writes with ease and humor, expresses few opinions, puts real narrative skill to use in making much of the story qualities of her adventures and encounters, and finds the funny side of almost every experience.

"The Jealous Ghost" by L. A. G. Strong, (Knopf $2.50). A gentle but by no means blurred interest in the more subtle and less conspicuous twists of human character, a keen sense of form and a delicate and careful touch are the distinguishing qualities of the work of this English novelist. The work still, at least to this reviewer, represents promise. So far as style goes, it is more than that; but the content is a little too slight, the thread of theme too tenuous, yet, to bear Mr. Strong's excellent characterizations. In *The Jealous Ghost* the incidents of the plot are connected with a visit to the home of his ancestors of a Scotch-American who has brought with him a passionate and mystical attachment to the land which he has never seen, a spiritual homesickness which blends with his pursuit of beauty. The novel is full of delightful and natural dialogue and of fine descriptive passages. But this reviewer finds that the West Highland atmosphere, although no doubt keenly felt by the author, has not been perfectly conveyed by him.

"Digging Up the Past" by C. Leonard Woolley (Scribner's $2). If you are in the least susceptible to the excitement of finding long lost things, or if you have ever seen an archeologist's excavation in progress, you will be fascinated by this informal and lively description of the work of digging up the civilizations of the past and reconstructing them from ruins. Mr. Woolley tells in detail just what the archeologist's contribution to the study of history is, and how he makes it. The book is for laymen. It has to do with practice, not theory. There is not a technical sentence in it; nor a dull paragraph. Almost any question that you might like to ask an archeologist is answered: how do you know where to dig? just what do you look for? who does the digging? what destroys these temples and cities, anyway? This is highly recommended by your reviewer who has always wanted to go and dig in Carthage, encited, no doubt, by the irritating finality of *Delenda est*—

"These Russians" by William C. White (Scribner's $3). Much has been written to explain, describe and interpret the Soviet Union, but practically everything you pick up on the subject treats the hundred and forty million people of Soviet Russia as an entity, seldom as individuals. Here is a book which shows you a few individuals in Russia and how the revolution which whirled about them all affected each of their lives. To some it brought tragedy; to some a fairer day. In *These Russians* you find the stories of seventeen present-day Russians who all come from widely varied walks of life. The stories are real and vivid and present an intense cross section of modern Russian life.

"The Dry Decade" by Charles Merz, which ran serially in the Outlook, has just been published in book form by Doubleday, Doran and Company ($3).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▸▸ Religion's Voice ◂◂

As Heard in Recent Books

WHAT is the actual condition of the church in the United States? Is it thriving or is it declining? There are plenty of guesses; unhappily there are plenty of students of religion who base their theories upon these guesses. But such theories cannot by any stretch of the imagination be termed scientific. Now, at last we have the facts. In *The United States Looks at Its Churches* (Institute of Social and Religious Research) C. Luther Fry has interpreted the data brought to light by the latest Federal Census of religions. Mr. Fry and the group which sponsored this study of the government's figures have made a much needed contribution to our religious thinking. This census, taken in 1926, makes it possible to study objectively the religious situation in America. From this study it appears that there are over 44 million adult church members in the United States and that the church membership is keeping pace almost exactly with the growth of population. There are scores of other facts about the churches of the United States, presented in an understandable fashion in this book, and it will reward any religious leader or student of religion to familiarize himself with it. In it we note that the Church of Christ Scientist spends more per adult member than any other denomination. In fact, the growth of Christian Science in the United States has been one of the most interesting religious developments of this century. Recent books dealing with this faith have been rather critical of its founder, Mrs. Eddy. This makes it all the more necessary that men and women who desire to be fair about Christian Science should read a new book by Hugh A. Studdert-Kennedy called *Christian Science and Organized Religion*. In this book the author answers the attacks which have been made upon Mrs. Eddy by Dakin and others. However, the aim of the author is not primarily to defend the founder of Christian Science, but rather to maintain the thesis that organization inevitably kills the spirit of true religion. Mr. Studdert-Kennedy is convinced that one of the greatest lessons to be learned from Mary Baker Eddy is the banefulness of religious organization. The author believes that it was Mrs. Eddy's teaching that organization inevitably kills religion.

But this rapid growth of Christian Science and the realization that there are over 200 separate denominations in the United States make one ask what there is in our country which makes it possible for so many kinds of religion to exist, and for a new one to rise with such rapidity? In the language of the street, "How did we get that way?" The answer to this question requires a knowledge of our religious history; what the various groups who came to our shores were in their religious makeup and the drive which brought them here. An excellent book for this purpose is by Thomas Cuming Hall, formerly professor in the Union Theological Seminary. Under the title *The Religious Background of American Culture* (Little, Brown) Professor Hall traces the religious and cultural outlook of the groups which have made America. He throws an unusual emphasis upon Wyclif in England as being the fountain head of that religious dissent which has marked the religious history of our country. His depth of scholarship and clearness of style make this book enjoyable to read, although we cannot agree with all the positions maintained in it. The chapter on Religion and American Capitalism has some trenchant criticisms of the position maintained by Max Weber and others of the close connection between capitalism and the Protestant ethics. Another book traversing this field but in a less technical manner is the *Story of Religions in America* (Harper) by William Warren Sweet of the University of Chicago. This is to be commended, not only to the student of American religious history, but also to the general reader whose interest it will win and hold by the beauty of its workmanship. While neither of these volumes neglects the Puritans, a fuller treatment of them is to be found in two other books. The first is by Henry Hallam Saunderson and it is called *Modern Religion from Puritan Origins* (Beacon Press). This author also goes back to the Middle Ages for the origin of that Puritan outlook upon life which has given so much color to American History. This volume shows real scholarship but it is written for the popular reader. *The Puritan Mind* by Herbert Wallace Schneider (Henry Holt) is not as popular in its treatment of the place of the Puritan in American Life but it is more critical. Both of these books are protests against the type of thought, so common in recent years, which would dismiss the Puritans with the sneer implied in the word "puritanical." Both Saunderson and Schneider make clear

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Portrait by Caroline, by Sylvia Thompson: Little Brown. A deft English novel of manners and class which relates the tale of a restless wife. Reviewed January 7.

Rachel Moon, by Lorna Rea: Harper. Splendidly written story of a girl who made a fetish of self-sacrifice. Reviewed January 14.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

The Limestone Tree, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A favorite author, back in his old stride, gives us a stirring and fascinating novel about the bluegrass region of Kentucky. Reviewed January 7.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

Hullabaloo, by Peter Arno: Liveright. Another book of this artist's amusing drawings, many of which have appeared in *The New Yorker.* Reviewed in issue of December 10.

▸▸*In This Issue*◂◂

FREDERICK R. BARKLEY is the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and a frequent contributor to the magazines. His latest contribution to the Outlook was "The Voice of the Corn Belt."

GROVER CLARK is a former newspaper publisher and an expert on Far Eastern affairs. Mr. Clark has also served as foreign correspondent in China.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON is a resident of Arkansas and a frequent contributor to the magazines. Mr. Wilson is also the author of *Acres of Sky.*

PATTERSON MCNUTT is a playwright and former scenario writer. Mr. McNutt has just returned from Hollywood, some impressions of which he includes in his article.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the Puritans were the progressives and even the radicals of their day.

But no matter what may be the beginnings and background of religious life in America, it cannot be denied that the churches, especially in our great cities, face a Herculean task in attracting men and women to the services of the church. There is the competition of the movie, of the radio, the automobile, and the dozens of other mechanical contrivances which are distinctive of our age. If religion is to survive it will have to learn to use these agencies instead of being brushed aside by them. This means that the church will have to learn how to get its message across through the newspaper. For every person who enters the church there are probably ten who read the papers. In *Church and Newspaper* (Macmillan) by William Bernard Norton, a preacher and newspaper writer, widely experienced in both fields, we have a book which decidedly ought to be read by every minister and religious leader in the country. It will cause many searchings of heart but it will give more definite and concrete suggestions as to what to do and what not to do in relating the church to the newspaper than any book we have ever seen. Were its suggestions followed there would not only be a better understanding between the two but the church would be further along in getting its message over to the machine-driven men of today.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Behind the Blurbs

"HARD LINES"[1] is a book of outrageously funny light verse by Ogden Nash, a young gentleman with a talent for torturing words until they confess to the most dreadful rhymes. We'll quote only two, on somewhat different subjects.

"Like an art lover looking at the
Mona Lisa in the Louvre
Is the New York *Herald Tribune*
looking at Mr. Herbert Houvre."

"Many an infant that screams like
a calliope
Could be soothed by a little attention to its diope."

* * * *The Strange Death of Martin Green*[2] contains twenty characters, nearly all of whom are introduced to you in the first chapter, and the ensuing confusion is so great that for the first 20 pages you completely lose sight of the mystery—which is: who pushed Green into the pond on the sixth hole? After you get into it, however, it's a good, well-written story, and as the intrigues and secrets of the little suburban community are gradually revealed, your interest will increase until the second murder finds you clamped to your chair, eyes bulging for the approaching denouement. Most mysteries begin to sag at page 180; once this one gets under way it increases speed until the end. We wish the artist and blurbist had got together, however, and decided whether Green was face up or face down in the pond. They seem to have disagreed.

* * * Nelson Frederick Adkins, in *Fitz-Greene Halleck, an Early Knickerbocker Wit and Poet*[3], makes no false claims of genius for the poet, but believes, with Longfellow, that "a life worth writing at all is worth writing minutely." In this 476-page illustrated biography he has succeeded in recreating a delightful "picture of one of the most brilliant and charming literary amateurs that America has produced." In the New York of the first quarter of the nineteenth century "the man who would write must first enter a regular profession, and thereby earn a livelihood. Born in Guilford, Connecticut, Halleck became a New York commission merchant in 1811 at the age of twenty-one. Thereafter, until his death in 1867, he was a notable figure in the social and literary life of the metropolis. It is characteristic of this pleasing old-New-York bachelor that he is best remembered today for the lines, written more than a hundred years ago, from his poem on the death of his young friend, the poet Drake:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Here's hoping that some Ph.D., as yet unborn, will paint a similar picture of another New York wit and poet sixty-four years (but not sooner) after the death of F. P. A. * * * *Letty Lynton*[4] was the sweet and beautiful daughter of a rich chemical manufacturer. But beauty is as beauty does, we always say, and what Letty did was nobody's business. She got herself into difficulties with several young men, and finally up and murdered one of them. All perfectly reasonable, too, as Mrs. Belloc Lowndes knows so well how to make it. Moves at a decidedly leisurely pace at first, but the last third, dealing with the trial, is intensely interesting. Well written, of course.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Simon & Schuster, $1.75.
2. By David Frome: Crime Club, $1.00.
3. Yale University Press, $5.00.
4. Cape & Smith, $2.00.

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

"By the Rio Grande
They dance no sarabande"

is the way Sacheverell Sitwell's poem, *The Rio Grande,* begins. Mr. Constant Lambert has composed a something or other for Chorus, Orchestra and Pianoforte with the above and the rest of the poem as text and inspiration that has to be heard to be believed. So far as I know it has not been performed in this country, so if you want to know just how silly "modern music" can be you will have to get some enterprising importer to send you the two English Columbia records, on which the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by the composer, with Sir Hamilton Harty at the piano and the St. Michael Singers intoning the words with a British diction that is most "refaned."[1]

After you get through with this "tone picture of any gay cosmopolitan riverside town in North or South America," as the blurb has it, you will, I'm sure, be even more than ordinarily refreshed by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York in their rendition of Beethoven's *Symphony No. 1, in C Major*[2], under the direction of Willem Mengelberg. Here we have a somewhat hardy but none the less welcome release of a historically interesting and musically delightful symphony under the baton of a conductor who played a great deal of Beethoven in concerts when he was with us, but who was previously unrepresented as an interpreter of the great composer on disks. As usual Mengelberg is competent rather than sensational, and the recording is all that could be desired. I wonder why Victor have held this set out on us so long.

In contrast to the *Rio Grande* thing, an importation of real beauty and skill is the English Columbia's *Sonate pour Violoncelle et Piano,* of Claude Debussy, played by Mm. Maurice Maréchal and Robert Casadesus at the cello and piano respectively[3]. This, on three sides, with a *Danse des Petits Negres* by André Caplet on the fourth, is performed with rare grace, tone and feeling.

Do you want to dance and have something worth listening to at the same time? Get Duke Ellington's Jungle Band doing *Runnin' Wild,* the old favorite, and his own *Dreamy Blues*[4] The latter one particularly is a truly brilliant arrangement of blues which are unusual.

O.C.-T.

1. English Columbia L2373-4.
2. Victor Masterpiece Series Album M. 73.
3. English Columbia LFX 85-6.
4. Brunswick 4952.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

G. B. Shaw's First Film

FOR some obscure reason the first Shaw play to appear on any screen (silent or talking) is a feeble little one-act affair entitled *How He Lied to Her Husband,* which the great white-bearded British lion must have written at least twenty years ago. Recently the rotogravures showed us pictures of Mr. Shaw sitting in a studio camp chair and "supervising" his first film. All in all it looked pretty interesting. About all you can say for this picture is that it is nicely costumed and that the girl is pretty.

Another and much more entertaining British film is *Compromised,* known on the London stage as *Compromising Daphne.* Its situations are about as novel as those in *Charley's Aunt,* but it is modern, and keeps its audiences laughing.

"The Bat Whispers"

For the second time director Roland West has done that old reliable mystery play, *The Bat,* into a movie. This time you hear shrieks and groans and see ghostly shadows reaching across a double-width screen, but all in all it is still the same hectic, muddled story it was when Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood first produced it on the stage. Chester Morris and the weak-voiced little Una Merkle are the best-known people in the cast. The photography is decidedly interesting, fully a third of the settings being in shadow or merely silhouettes. The wide screen will be used in but twenty cities.

"No Limit"

Somewhat to your surprise you will discover that Clara Bow's latest opus is well directed, nicely photographed, and has a very presentable story. The total result is that *No Limit* is the best thing Clara has done in years. Furthermore, she no longer looks like an aged gorilla taking a big bite out of some nice young man's gums. In some scenes she is even pretty. Contrary to all newspaper accounts one gets the impression from *No Limit* that Mother's Little Girl has been going in for plain food and regular hours. Maybe it's only makeup, but the fact is that this is good entertainment. With her are the priceless Stewart Erwin, and a hero named Norman Foster.

"Beau Ideal"

The next time I see noble young men with mysterious Pasts galloping over sand dunes in the uniforms of the Foreign Legion I am going right back home to my hashish. In other words I am weary of Mr. Percival Wren's self-sacrificing heroes who murmur "stout fella" at appropriate intervals and die like true British gentlemen. *Beau Ideal* is the third novel of the series to reach the screen, and like the first, *Beau Geste,* it was directed by Herbert Brenon. But unlike that exciting film *Beau Ideal* is repetitious, immensely silly and often dull. Many of the incidents are frankly copies of those which proved so successful when *Beau Geste* appeared in 1926. Why not forget the Foreign Legion for a while? Perhaps there really isn't any Foreign Legion anyway.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Again the mighty Emil Jannings meets blonde disaster—this time in the person of Marlene Dietrich. Pittsburgh censors so ruined this film that Paramount refused to show it in that city.
The Criminal Code: Life and death in a penitentiary with fine characterizations by Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes.
Laughter: Donald Ogden Stewart's dialogue and Nancy Carroll's performance make this a delight.
Morocco: Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou go down to Africa "to forget."
Little Caesar: Edward G. Robinson does a Chicago gangster which is the best of them all.
Reaching for the Moon: Douglas Fairbanks in modern dress pursues Bebe Daniels in a blonde wig.
The Right to Love: Ruth Chatterton as Susan Glaspell's **Brook Evans.** Due to double exposure, Miss Chatterton gives three excellent performances.
Paid: Joan Crawford in something for ladies who cry easily. Known on the stage as **Within the Law.**
Royal Family: Entertaining comedy at the expense of the Barrymore family.
Tom Sawyer: Mark Twain's characters brought to life by Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green.

Other New Films

One Heavenly Night is a so-so operetta with the exquisite British prima donna, Evelyn Laye, and comedy by Leon Errol, some of which is funny.

The Lash is an excessively dull operetta with Richard Barthelmess.

Kiss Me Again features some pleasant Victor Herbert music in a stupid, twenty-five-year-old operetta.

For thirty-nine years people have been laughing at *Charley's Aunt.* Charlie Ruggles does everything he can with this heirloom.

A New Menace

Our movies may have been terrible in the past but, by gad sir, they were pure. No advertising worked its way into the story or captions. You paid your money and you saw the show, such as it was. Unlike radio audiences who find corn flakes, gear oil, shaving soap, tombstones, and dollar watches in their entertainment, movie audiences have, until now, been able to trust their producers.

Now there appear on the horizon short films which baldly and shamelessly advertise a certain brand of motor oil. Travel films "sponsored" by steamship agencies are all very well, as are the collections of old films "sponsored" by a cigarette manufacturer. The terrible thing is to discover right in the middle of a film, that it is nothing but an advertisement. If the motion picture is not to sink to the depths now occupied by the radio this should be stopped immediately.

First National

"LITTLE CAESAR" GETS HIS MAN

Edward G. Robinson's version of Chicago's big rod and pineapple man leaves little to be desired

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

THINGS along Broadway were made a great deal more interesting last week by the advent of two new plays by two of our best active playwrights, George Kelly and Philip Barry. In fact, the Pulitzer Prize committee has reason at last to begin to go to the theatre this season. Not that *Once in a Lifetime* isn't a darned good job. It's only that although the rules as I recall them don't say so, satirical farces are apparently never given consideration for the honor. The prize winner must deal with a serious problem seriously. And that, in spite of many delightful laughs, even *The Green Pastures* does.

Philip Goes Forth automatically calls for attention as a possible recipient of Pulitzer honors because it is the work of George Kelly who has already won that distinction before with *Craig's Wife*. After giving many indications of slipping in his last two pieces, especially *Behold the Bridegroom* in which he even wrote about people he didn't really know, Mr. Kelly seems to me to have made a brilliant recovery. His latest play, if not his best, is near enough to it to be a lot better than almost anybody else in this country can do. It has faults, but Mr. Kelly is himself to blame if they are picked on. It is because he sets himself such a high standard and almost always lives up to it that I consider it permissible to cavil at details which in most playwrights' work would pass unnoticed. As another author, who I imagine would prefer to remain anonymous, wisely remarked about *Philip Goes Forth,* "I haven't seen it yet, but I know it's good. I've asked several people how they liked it and they all said, 'Not very much,' and then proceeded to take a half an hour discussing it. Whether they realize it or not, if they feel that strongly about a play, it's good."

The theme of *Philip Goes Forth,* baldly expressed, is that very few people ought to write plays and that many of those who think they can are just kidding themselves. This self-deception is really practiced on account of vanity and the quicker the aspiring playwright realizes that he has nothing to say, the better. The title of the play comes naturally from the fact that Philip leaves his home and the business in which his father hopes he will succeed him and goes to New York to support himself, live in a boarding house and write plays. Those who know their George Kelly do not have to be told that the boarding house locale permits of some uncommonly fine character drawing of some diverse and interesting types. Also, it isn't the plot that matters so I don't think I shall spoil very much by telling you that Philip finally realizes that he doesn't want to write and decides to go home.

Recommended Current Plays

Bird in Hand: If you missed Drinkwater's delightful comedy before, don't again.
Civic Repertory: Eva Le Gallienne's interesting troupe.
Elizabeth the Queen: Fine teamwork by the Lunts in historical drama.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook's nonsense and some pleasant tunes and dancing.
Five Star Final: A thrilling melodrama about the tabloid newspapers.
Girl Crazy: At least five more good songs than any other show in town and Ethel Merman to sing them.
Grand Hotel: Fine acting in exciting German play with a movie technique.
Mrs. Moonlight: They can't kid *me* out of being sentimental.
Oh, Promise Me: None too refined, but funny.
Once in a Lifetime: The authors don't think much of Hollywood.
On the Spot: See above and substitute Chicago for Hollywood.
Sweet and Low: Fannie Brice and Jim Barton but George Jessel.
The Green Pastures: The 1930 Pulitzer Prize play.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland and good support in a farce about L. I. infidelity.

A juvenile actor new to New York, Harry Ellerbe by name, plays the title rôle with a great deal of skill, sensitiveness and intelligence. He undoubtedly has a future—as a light comedian especially. However, probably the most outstanding performance is given by Cora Witherspoon as a globe-trotting lady who can't remember the name of the boat she is sailing on the next day but knows that practically every other woman is sixty—and can prove it. But with one exception the characterization and acting are excellent throughout. As he was his own director, Mr. Kelly must assume a lot of the responsibility for the playing as well as the writing of the character of a poetess whom Dorothy Stickney plays first for the broadest low comedy, then asks us to take her seriously and pathetically as an important personage and finally, in the last act, is again burlesque. Otherwise the play is George Kelly at his best, which ought to be good enough for anybody.

Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Philip Barry's new drama, is the only native play for a long time which I would concede to be any better than *Philip Goes Forth* from the standpoint of searching illumination of character. Better it is, however, and it is Mr. Kelly's hard luck to have it come along the same week. I was unable to perceive a flaw in the acting, either. From Herbert Marshall and Zita Johann, who play the leads, down to Alice MacIntosh, who has the veriest bit, they are all as near to perfection as you are likely to encounter, although perhaps Harvey Stephens, Osgood Perkins and John T. Doyle should be singled out for especially honorable mention. Gilbert Miller, the producer and director is, too, to be congratulated on a particularly fine piece of work.

The story, as is apt to be the case with a really fine play, is both old and simple. In fact, it is lifted bodily from the Bible, it being the one about the childless lady who calls in extra-familial assistance, has an offspring and eventually decides that she should stay with her husband and not enlighten him as to the true parentage of the child. This time Mr. Barry has left Park Avenue to its own devices and made the action take place in a small university town in Indiana. The husband is wealthy, dumb and horsey; the wife is the daughter of a professor of Romance languages; the lover is a visiting Canadian medical lecturer. Along with "Society" Mr. Barry has almost abandoned metaphysics, there being only one minor miracle and one pretty far-fetched coincidence, and the result is the kind of play his admirers have said for a long time he could and should write. The dialogue has all of his former charm without practically all of his irritating condescension or flat whimsy. It is possible that in the hands of less capable performers than Miss Johann and Mr. Marshall the characters they portray might seem just a bit priggish (I shudder to think of Herbert Marshall's part played by McKay Morris!) but as it is, the play, direction and acting merge to form the finest grown-up entertainment in town.

Speaking of McKay Morris, he is currently, although by the time this appears he may not be, posturing in what purports to be a romantic melodrama. It is called *Colonel Satan* and is the first dramatic work for ten years or more by Booth Tarkington. The play isn't as bad, I don't believe, as Mr. Morris and his associates make it out to be. It couldn't be. But between the star's insufferable self-admiring posing and the gosh darnedest attempt at a French accent I've ever heard (perpetrated by the otherwise lovely Jessie Royce Landis) it's practically impossible to pay much attention to what Mr. Tarkington has written. I did gather, however, that it is about a night in the life of Aaron Burr, in Paris, in which he, by way of a change, fired into the air in a duel. *Monsieur Beaucaire,* which was not part of my prescribed early theatre going, *must* have been better than *Colonel Satan.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prose and Worse

"YOU write well on nothing in particular," said the Editor grimly, "so it's really up your street to conduct a column on that subject." The implication was, we suppose, that we write well enough as long as we don't get out of our depth, and that our depth is in with the eight-year-olds, about a tenth of the way out to the raft. Well, we accept that. We can't make the raft and do fancy dives and aquatic capers. But anyway we can paddle around and look at the sand and watch the other bathers and pick up queer shells.

As a matter of fact, we're something of an authority on nothing in particular. We have probably thought more consistently and continuously about unimportant matters than any one else in the country. We've even reached the conclusion that they're the most important things in life. For look here. These unimportant things make up nine tenths of our life, form nine tenths of our experience. Nine tenths, therefore, of the wisdom and knowledge we gain comes from them. We apply this wisdom to the problems of the important other tenth—if we apply any, for it's all we have. And so our important problems are solved—if they are.

There will be no display of erudition in this column. What little we have we need in keeping our table-talk quotient above the invitation level. If you want it, you'll have to supply it yourselves. We don't object to it. Only it must be applied to unimportant matters.

This is where you come in. We have no intention of filling all this space all by ourselves every week. You've got to do your share, and in order not to change our percentages in the middle of a column, we'll put your share at nine tenths. If you feel strongly about anything that doesn't matter to any one else, if you're seriously occupied with a silly subject, if you're indignant about a trifle—let us have your views. If we agree with them we'll print them. If we don't, we'll send them back—unless you've forgotten the two-cent stamp. If they're in verse, we'll probably print them whether we like them or not. But if your muse occupies herself with the cosmos, religion, love or farm relief, she gets the gate. If she is flippant, inconsequential, frivolous and a little wild, we have a place for her. Only please remember that there are ladies present.

Several months ago we had a communication from a firm in Philadelphia asking us to subscribe for a genealogical work dealing with the family of Brooks. With this work went a large card, suitable for framing, on which was beautifully printed the Battle Hymn of Brooks. Now, although we didn't subscribe, we have been giving a good deal of thought to the matter of battle hymns and cries. A hymn is perhaps rather long; the battle is likely to be over before you've got well into the second verse. On the other hand, some set form of words is necessary, something that you can roar lustily as you dart into the fray. It's difficult, in the midst of battle, to think up anything extemporaneous, and it's so easy to say the wrong thing. A battle cry should be short and pointed and as personal as a toothbrush. But it shouldn't be negative. The cry of "Down with everything!" is too vague. Yet we're not *for* anything in particular, we're against most everything. Instead of giving you our battle cry, therefore, we are giving a cry for help (which is what we usually do in battles anyway). Have you a good battle cry, and, if so, what is it? There might be a battle tomorrow, and here we are without one.

Ex-criminals, says a news dispatch, are to be employed to teach their special subjects in the course in practical police methods in the University of Chicago. Their police records will be equivalent to a learned degree,—one previous conviction, presumably, leading to an instructorship, and three to full professorial honors. There will be courses in safe cracking, hijacking, banditry, jack rolling, purse snatching and prowling. With field demonstration work, we suppose. As far as we can discover there is to be no Chair of Murder, which is a pity, for its occupancy could be made into a game, each incumbent being automatically succeeded by his murderer, like the King of the Wood.

The important thing about all this is the swiftness of the rise of the racketeer from outlaw to member of society in good standing. Most first families have outlaw ancestors, but it usually takes two generations to the Social Register, and three before the founder himself is fitted with a halo and his activities regarded as picturesque but legitimate. Modern speed is cutting down the time from Racket to Register to less than a generation. We'll wager that inside of twenty years you won't feel the slightest surprise to read that "Elaine Gazetsky, daughter of the Professor of Piracy at Princeton, whose coming-out party at Pierre's last year was said to have cost $100,000, is reported to be engaged to Mr. Percival Vanderwhat of New York and Newport."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

LIVE
where winter's smile is sunniest

Trade months of cold for warm, bright sunshine—come this year to Tucson. New energy awaits you!

Play every day—golf... tennis... polo—or you can fish, hike, motor. Nearby are pueblos, ranchos, cattle-lands, mountains, Missions, Mexico.

And in the city is every modern metropolitan attraction: parks, theatres, smart hotels and shops... schools second in rank in the United States. Each day of every year you'll find life *new*, inviting...in Tucson.

Send this coupon, or wire us, for complete information, rates and transportation schedules. We gladly render personal service without obligation. Winter fares and stopovers now available on Rock Island and Southern Pacific lines.

TUCSON
Sunshine Climate Club
ARIZONA
1001 C Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"
Name_____
Address_____

$250 EUROPE
Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, E106.
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

FORT MONTAGU BEACH HOTEL
NASSAU *BAHAMAS*
Directly on the Ocean. Private bathing beach. All recreational features. Modern, fireproof. Spacious tropical gardens.
Opens January 5th *Booklet*

COLLECT STAMPS
An Unfailing Source of Pleasure at little expense
Start a collection for yourself! Your son or daughter: an absorbing, entertaining, educational pastime for the young, as well as the adult. Our illustrated Booklet telling its many benefits FREE with 25 different stamps for 10c. Send for it today.
GLOBUS STAMP CO., 214 Third Ave., New York City

4 Trains 22⅔ Hours
NEW YORK TO
FLORIDA
FROM PENNA. STA. (P.R.R.), NEW YORK
The Miamian - - 9:45 a.m.
Gulf Coast Limited 9:45 a.m.
Havana Special - 10:15 p.m.
Florida Special - 10:20 p.m.
Other Fast Through Trains Daily
NEW PLAN AUTO SHIPMENT COST 5 TICKETS—3 FOR CAR, 2 FOR PASSENGER TRANSPORTATION
The Double-Track Sea-Level Route
Atlantic Coast Line
The Standard Railroad of the South
Tickets, reservations, information from
B. F. FULLER, A. G. P. A.
8 West 40 St., New York
Tel. LA 4-7080
Ask for "Tropical Trips" Booklet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

By DIANA ROSE

As related to Stanley S. Schnetzler

Justice Is a Woman

ARE women as good jurors as men? Would a jury of twelve women reach as many unbiased decisions as one composed only of men? How often I've heard these questions argued. How often, in fact, I've joined my embattled sisters in their drawing-room rallies. All that is a thing of the past. No longer do I champion woman's power to weigh arguments. I, myself, have served on a jury. I have served, and am rebuked.

We were really a very superior sort of jury. We had been hand-picked from lists of club members, and the sort. Every effort had apparently been made to assemble a better-than-average group of citizens. Nevertheless, I can't help feeling that, in scattered instances, we scarcely lived up to the high hopes of the Court.

They would insist on challenging our "best minds" and cramming the jury with our "slow freights." My husband tells me that this is considered good strategy, at least on the part of the fellow with the weaker case. If he can get a jury composed solely of "slow freights," he may be able to "pull a fast one" and win despite a lack of evidence.

Strangely, though, our one well-bred moron was eliminated quite as ruthlessly as were the "best minds." She served only two days during the entire session of the Court. Counsel for both sides seemed agreed that she was too dumb even to respond to desperate, last-minute appeals to the emotions.

Finally, our solitary ex-Englishman was "challenged" consistently. He served only two days—with the moron. His eagerness to talk—to tell jury, lawyers, and even the judge, how best to conduct a trial—probably had something to do with his being slighted.

Chief among us, our chairman, was the vice-president of a small bank. He was a righteous, conscientious soul, partially paralyzed by the sense of his importance. One day he almost invited me to lunch with him. He realized in time that a monarch should not demean himself by dining with his subjects.

Of some of the others I shall speak more in detail later. There was another bank vice-president, two retired farmers, a geologist, two housewives, a widow with a daughter in college, and "Violet," bless her old, romantic heart.

"Violet" it was who first strayed from the paths of rectitude and unbiased justice. I do not know her real name. We spoke of her as "Violet" because she went in for picture hats and lavender raiment, and confessed that she "had a weakness for handsome, young men."

As often happens, a "handsome, young man" was brought to trial in our Court. New Year's Eve had been too moist for him. While still bemused, he had attempted to drive a motor car—had, in fact, driven it—too rapidly and not accurately. He was on trial for manslaughter. There was no doubt as to his guilt. Nevertheless, he was "a handsome, young man," and Violet——

Oh, the hours of ridicule, persuasion, intimidation, and profanity we spent on poor Violet. Finally, the little widow, with feminine craft, reminded our frozen Violet that testimony had been produced to show that the young Adonis of the death-dealing chariot had just been quarreling with an inamorata with whom he had been on intimate terms for two years. Violet's iron jaw relaxed, trembled. I almost imagined that I saw a tear of disillusionment welling to the surface. In that moment, the battle was won. We filed out. We had reached a verdict—in our own quaint way.

A pathetic, bewildered, old Chinaman was the next potential victim of a woman juror's whims. Wong had the bad taste to be acquainted with a Celestial narcotic merchant, and the bad luck to be alone with the merchant at the time of the merchant's demise. Death had come by natural causes. There was no debate over that. The point at issue was whether speechless old Wong had any more than an accidental association with the cache of narcotics which was uncovered when the officers arrived to take charge of the "sick friend's" cadaver.

Eleven of us were convinced, at the time of the first ballot, that Wong was honest in his insistence that he was only "sitting up with a sick friend." The twelfth, one of our "housewives," maintained consistently that Wong "ought to be put over the road." Her opinion seemed so absurd to the rest of us that it was difficult for any of us to argue rationally or convincingly with her. Finally one of our ex-farmers commented, with fine scorn in his voice, "Women on th' jury! Bunch of old hens lookin' wise an' actin' stubborn! Now, if your old man was only here 'stead of you, we might hammer some little horse sense——"

She was on her feet in an instant. "I just wish my husband was here instead of me!" she wailed. "You'd never bulldoze him like you're trying to bulldoze me. He knows. He'd tell you a thing or two. He used to be a narcotic officer. He'd tell you that these Chinks—every one of 'em—are hop-heads and dope-peddlers. Innocent or guilty, every one of 'em ought to be in the penitentiary!"

We sat back and gasped. So that was it! At last the atmosphere had cleared. When he had caught his breath, our chairman rose and, in his suavest manner, warned the frenzied crusader that she had better forget her prejudices and cast her vote on the basis of the evidence presented, or he would be forced to inform the Judge that one of the jurors had been guilty of perjury when she swore that she had no preconceived opinions as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. Again we filed out. Again we had reached a verdict—in our own quaint way.

As I look back on it now, a woman played a decisive part in almost every verdict which we reached. In the main, I believe we achieved justice. There are none of the decisions which I should reverse if I had the authority.

However—and this, it seems to me, is the dangerously significant element in the situation—too frequently our wise verdicts were reached by very unwise means. Too often they depended on facts quite alien to the evidence presented. In a jury as evenly balanced as ours, an approximation of justice was almost inevitable. Had there been twelve women instead of six, though——

I do not mean to say that the women were more easily swayed by their emotions than were the men. I need only recall how our staid chairman preened himself when a pretty, little stenographer smiled in his direction.

However, once a woman has made up her mind as to a verdict, she is often less willing to change it. She will too frequently fall back on her celebrated "intuition." "I just know that that man is guilty," or, "I'm certain that a person as fine as he is couldn't have done such a thing," is too likely to supplant the inexorable, "The testimony left no doubt on that point."

I believe that I should prefer being tried by twelve men to a like number of women. To me, a mixed jury is preferable to either.

As for serving on a jury—I'd never, never miss it. It's a unique and broadening experience. One comes away from it with the feeling of being a little closer to the great, struggling, searching mass which constitutes our democracy. One returns home, too, filled with a greater pride in and sympathy for one's own husband and irrepressible children.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE'LL be playing golf with microscopes soon. There's a miniature golf game out now called billiards-golf, played on any 38 by 58 inch table, in which billiard cues are used instead of clubs. If you have a table large enough, all you need to buy are the balls and the various hazards.

IN COMMON with a lot of other people we've wondered for a long time whether John Wanamaker really did write all those sententious and somewhat muddled bits of verbal sunshine that appear under the pretentious title "From the Writings of the Founder" in the daily Wanamaker ads. In answer to an inquiry the store announces that it is all true, that between 1912 and 1922 Mr. W. wrote some five thousand of them, and that now they are being repeated by popular request. And we cut down our forests for this!

IF YOU'RE sentimental about your trip round the world, and want to have a parchment lamp shade on which the line of your journey will be traced across continents and oceans, we know where you can have such a shade made. Or, for that matter, the record of any historical or personal travels.

WATCHES having a rectangular case which snaps open, exposing the dial, when a spring is pressed, are on the market. Opening and shutting the case automatically winds the watch, too. And there are some of those coin watches, with the watch inside a hollowed-out coin, for between $25 and $35. These are not real coins, but are designed to resemble them, and come in silver or enamel.

A GADGET that seems to have little unity is the combination cigarette lighter and perpetual calendar. Who wants to know what the date is when he is lighting a cigarette? Or vice versa, if there is any.

ARE you designing or planning a game room? Spalding, at 518 Fifth Avenue, has a model game room, with specially created game nooks—nice phrase—and all sorts of games and information about them. There are demonstrators to teach you how to play any game you don't know about.

THE housewife should be delighted with the tarnish-proof silver chest, which keeps silver bright so that it never need be polished. The velvet lining is impregnated with chemicals that neutralize the sulphur in the air, and it's sulphur, they say, that is responsible for most of the tarnishing.

DEHYDRATED ginger ale in cube form is soon, we understand, to be put on the market. Just drop a cube in a glass of water, and fizz! there's your ginger ale. We'll let you know just as soon as we see any of it in the stores.

IF YOU live east of the Rockies, you can get for 75 cents a round aluminum griddle, shaped to fit into a frying pan, to permit true broiling. If, on the other hand, these well-known mountains live to the east of you, you'll have to pay a dollar for it.

THOSE Ypsilanti people make a very comfortable chair called Flekrom. You have probably seen some of their things—sides, legs and everything of one piece of shining metal tubing. The seats and back are woven, very strong and resilient, and a great deal more comfortable than they look.

WE HAVE seen a double purpose lamp in bronze, pewter or polished brass finish, which resembles a ship's lamp in that the urn-like body is mounted on a pivot so that it can be tipped at any angle. It serves as a table lamp, or can be attached to the wall as a bracket lamp. It is 15 inches high with a 9-inch parchment shade.

FABRIKOID in all the pastel shades is made up into round blanket rolls and square blanket cases, to protect the contents from dust and the tooth of the moth. Made in two sizes, for light or heavy blankets, they can be used at the foot of the bed, or as a head roll.

IT'S probably a little early in the season to be telling you about this item, but hay fever sufferers can be counted on to remember where they have seen even the faintest gleam presaging the dawn of a better and sneezeless day. The item is a filter window screen, called Stoppollen, which filters the pollen out of the air and drives it by means of a small electric motor into the room. The council on physical therapy of the American Medical Association has tested and endorsed the device, which does actually assure complete relief from hay fever symptoms as long as only the air which comes through the screen is breathed. One in the bedroom, and perhaps a supplementary one in the office, ought to save a lot of discomfort and perhaps do away with the necessity for the yearly trip to the mountains.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 58. Springfield, Mass.

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL
School of Nursing
Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course-monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information

SCHOOL INFORMATION
FREE Catalogs of all Boarding Schools and camps in U. S Rates. Advice from official inspections. 24th year. State Chartered Free Bureau. Apply
American Schools' Association
1212 Times Bldg., N. Y., or Stevens Bldg., Chicago.

Our Failing Banks

(Continued from Page 136)

standing brokers' loans for carrying marginal speculators came not from any banks but from corporation surpluses and foreign sources.

For the purpose of strengthening the Reserve Board, and thus the moral pressure it may exert against excessive speculation, several proposals are offered. One, sponsored by Senator Glass and indorsed by the United States Chamber of Commerce, would eliminate the Secretary of the Treasury as chairman and an ex-officio member of the Board and give the chairmanship to the governor of the Board. The belief here is that this would attract abler men to the governorship and also remove any political influence from what it is held should be an entirely independent agency. The United States Chamber of Commerce would go still further in seeking to increase the Board's standing by moving its offices from the Treasury Department to a building of its own; and by increasing the salaries of the Board members from $12,000 to $25,000. Senator Glass also proposes a more liberal distribution of Federal Reserve Bank earnings to the member banks as a means of attracting more banks into membership.

These, in brief, are the outstanding problems before the Glass committee. Looming over it throughout the hearings, limiting its recommendations and providing it with many puzzling problems, will be the fact that the commercial banking of the country is still handled by dual state and federal systems, while the consistent effort of federal policy has been to weld the commercial banking structure into a single whole, carrying out a single consistent policy. But the solution of this problem still appears some distance in the future.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Small Classified Ads Have Sold Thousands of Dollars Worth of Real Estate . . . .

Small classified ads with or without illustration have sold thousands of dollars worth of property. Each Spring Outlook runs four Special Real Estate Issues—1931 is the seventh annual season. The success of these special numbers as a medium for Real Estate advertising has made it very popular, and the cost is most reasonable. Sell, rent or exchange your property through this service . . . . If you like, we will prepare the advertising copy for you from your information. Engravings will be made from your photograph or drawing at the actual cost price . . . . Advertising copy for the first Real Estate Issue, February 25, will be received up to February 12 . . . . Send coupon in today.

•

SEND THE COUPON FOR COMPLETE DETAILS

The Outlook Company
120 E. 16th Street
New York City

Gentlemen: I should like to know more about Outlook Special Real Estate Issues. Send me information and complete details regarding the cost of placing an advertisement in these issues. Also send your Specimen Sheet of Real Estate Ads showing various sizes and arrangements.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

I am interested in the following real estate issues:

☐ FEBRUARY 25th ☐ MARCH 25th ☐ APRIL 29th ☐ MAY 27th

☐ ALL 4 ISSUES

Blessed Are the Pure in Heart

(Continued from Page 133)

unhurried and remote, as if he had found a fastness for his soul where it would not get too many letters. That thought turned me back to dealing with my own, and I was not distracted by them until the interpreter started to read his translation of Professor Einstein's speech. It struck me at once that there was a tinge of embarrassment in his voice, and it was soon apparent why that was. Professor Einstein had not understood Mr. Shaw's speech; he had not even divined its contents. All he knew was that he and all these people had come together at a Zionist dinner. Therefore, he concluded, they wanted to talk about Zionists. So, steadily and sturdily, he talked about the condition of the Jews. One perceived that the hierarchies of the earth, in spite of his high place among them, were invisible to him. He held the stuff of life towards the light in some way so that that kind of embroidery did not show. His attention was held only by the warp and woof of it, such as the laws that govern matter, sometimes so strangely that space is curved, and the laws that govern mind, sometimes so strangely that Christians kill Jews for no other reason than that they are Jews. Again the words, "Blessed are the pure in the heart, for they shall see God," rose in my mind, and again I was shaken with laughter. Laughter is supposed to be a release, and this certainly was. One saw before one a vision of a universe incredibly easy and roomy to live in, because nothing was suffered to exist in it but that which was real.

Re-Enter Benes of Czechoslovakia

(Continued from Page 146)

The opening shots in the campaign of Benes (representing France) against the erstwhile Under Dogs of Southeastern Europe (representing Italy) are now being fired. Premier Bethlen of Hungary (Under Dog) recently sounded Benes (Top Dog) on a very serious matter. Would Czechoslovakia, by any stretch of the imagination, contemplate the possibility of returning to Hungary the region where the Slovaks live, which, before the war, was Hungarian territory. Benes's answer was short and to the point—

"I no longer consider the question of the restoration of Hungarian territories a matter of practical politics," barked Top Dog Benes.

"I thank you!" growled Under Dog Bethlen.

Whereupon Bethlen hurried off to see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under Dog Kemal Pasha of Turkey. He also found time to drop in on Premier Venizelos of Greece—who is no longer quite sure who is top dog and under dog in Southeastern Europe and is developing a Greek counterpart of the well-known Missouri "Show me!" attitude of mind.

Benes, forewarned by Bethlen's visit, is girding himself to do battle with whomsoever dares to challenge his policy of "Czechoslovakia first, the Little Entente next!" and Mussolini scowls and schemes. And a pugnacious group of other European statesmen are crowding forward and asking Benes, in the classic words of the Irish spectator at the barroom brawl:

"Is this a private fight or can anybody get into it?"

The Country Store Survives

(Continued from Page 143)

cereals by the dozen packages and couldn't sell half of them. But farm people nowadays are sold on the idea of better and lighter food, of better looking and longer wearing clothes, of more attractive and livable homes. At least, that is what my invoices show.

"I reckon about the only trouble that the change from low medium to high-quality advertised goods has brought me, is that as soon as I take on the new, my old stock sometimes stops selling. About twelve years ago I risked a first order of high-quality baked beans packed under a far-advertised label. They went all right—like chinquapins in the neighborhood of a country school house. But the old medium grade stopped selling altogether. Nobody wanted them any more, and that was that.

"Yes sir, you can't deny it. The American farmer of today is a long ways better buyer than he was ten years ago. He has got the trade-mark habit. He is studying labels and guarantees. During the last couple of years national advertising has introduced at least fifty new articles to rural trade, things that can be sold regularly and at a reasonable profit. Just to name a few of them—well, there's motor oil, auto casings and tubes and accessories, new-style farm machinery, motor and tractor parts, home lighting equipment, radio parts, plumbing goods, curtains and draperies, silverware and optical goods, dress patterns, books and magazines, and plenty more."

We asked his views on the future of the country store:

"It's sound, to the same extent and for pretty much the same reasons that the future of American farming is sound. I've got a mighty lot of confidence in the American farmer."

Tom Good re-filled his pipe and pondered, and commented that in talking of the future he invariably felt himself in the predicament of a one-legged man with a sprained ankle.

"There's no good reason why the country store can't keep apace with the times and the needs of its customers. It will require good steering, but as far as that goes, country merchandising has always required good steering. I believe that the next big advance will be in automobile service, gasoline, tires and accessories. Towns are drawing more of their due share of auto trade and there's no good reason why the country store can't offer more effective competition.

"There will have to be some improvements in administration. The country storekeeper must hitch in closer with the town banker, buy in bigger quantities and profit by cash discounts, and he must keep cutting down on credit, that is, in normal crop years. I don't believe this will be nearly so hard as it sounds. The farm trade isn't expecting credit like it did a few years ago.

"I believe that the new business will call for better buildings and more display space. Country merchandising can be helped considerably by newspaper and direct mail advertising and by better country and farm roads. Plenty has been said and done already about through highways. I don't think they will affect rural trade so very much one way or the other. They appear to bring in a scattering of new trade and now and then to take away a little of the old. But as far as I can see, it's about an even swap. I don't believe passing trade is so very important anyway. The success of a country store depends more on regular year-in-and-year-out patronage."

Tom Good is neither a rampant optimist nor a gullible pessimist. Time and again he has been assured that the country store is inevitably doomed to extinction. Thirty years ago, when department stores began to materialize in virtually every sizeable town, he was assured that the country merchant might as well fold his cards. Then automobiles came by the puttering millions and still the country store lived, trade areas and clientele but little changed. Now virtually all of our great farming centers are interlaced with through highways, and still the country store survives.

A lifetime of country trading has left Tom Good well stocked with amiable retrospect. He tells how he used to sell boot tallow and hickory shirts to a gangling and timid farm boy named Joe Robinson, who is now a member of the United States Senate. He tells how he once contributed a week's supply of victuals to another farm youth who is now governor of his state.

"I reckon the finest part of any trade is its possibilities for friendship. And when it comes to making friends, country storekeeping is about the best business I know of."

Why I Hate Hollywood

(Continued from Page 141)

have always been and always will be no better than their scripts.

The Hollywood executive will protest bitterly that this is not so. He will insist that he can't find good stories, that if he could he would pay any price to get them. Try to get him to read one. Try to get him to buy a good story and leave it whole after he buys it. Authors are receiving $2,000 and $3,000 a week in Hollywood. The Hollywood executive points to this as proof of his high regard for authors. Both star and director, however, are still allowed to make whatever changes they may see fit in the story after it has been created by the author. The Hollywood executive fails to see why this should annoy the author, or why the majority of such changes made without the author's consent or knowledge completely destroy the dramatic effect the author had intended to convey.

A burlesque illustration. In manuscript the author calls in the third sequence for the use of a bass drum. He has a situation which develops in the fifth sequence in which the hero spends a bad half hour in the frantic belief that his fiancée had been kidnapped. In the sixth sequence it is discovered that the fiancée, in a spirit of good, clean fun, has been hiding in the bass drum just to discover for her own sweet little self whether the hero would really worry about her if she disappeared. Naturally they live happily ever after.

The director is ready to shoot this scene, but there is a slight delay. The star declares that she has an aversion to bass drums. The slight delay develops into half a day at an overhead cost of $2,000 an hour. The star finally decides that a piccolo would be just too cute for words. She hasn't read the script all the way through, and the probabilities are that it was handed to the director the day before shooting the picture. The director agrees that a piccolo is cute, and besides they might get a good gag out of it. Came three weeks later. It is suddenly discovered that the star can't hide in a piccolo. Consternation. Conferences. No one thought of that. Maybe it will be a good idea to have her walk into the sea at Carmel and reappear in Mexico. Sure, why not! She could be an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evangelist. A great publicity angle there, and besides those flowing robes would reveal her sex appeal. Those queer old men wandering the desert alone with insane visions in their eyes and mumbling incoherently into their long gray beards aren't prospectors any more. They are Hollywood authors looking for their poor little lost stories.

The silent picture was a narcotic. Attendance at motion picture theatres was habitual. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Public went to the Star on Monday night and to the Garter on Thursday night. If the story was no good the photographic backgrounds were probably beautiful. Failing this there was generally some fair music. At the worst, one could go to sleep. The talking picture is an irritant. If the story is bad it is so bad that it precludes the possibility of any enjoyment of beautiful photography. Musical accompaniment has of course disappeared from the picture theatre. Because of those voices John J. Public can't catch up on a hard day at the speakeasy with a good snooze. John J. gets mad. He walks out. With rare exceptions he never walked out on the silent picture.

The problem of stories and their construction is incredibly more difficult in talking pictures than was the case with the story told in pantomime. Pantomime demands no more than a simple fairy tale. Dialogue demands character, story development and constant change and variety. A simple story told in pantomime could be "pepped up" and made amusing by a clever title writer. Also, after it was made it could be changed materially with judicious cutting and retakes. With rare exceptions retakes are not possible with talking pictures. Once the heroine says, "That would be a fate worse than death," that line is in the sound track and cannot be successfully taken out. If it is taken out then the hero's great climactic line, "Says you," doesn't mean anything. In spite of many final results the Hollywood executive does begin with the idea that a picture should mean something.

John J. Public now hears that "There's a good picture at the Rialto this week." He goes to the Rialto. He hears that there is a bad picture at the Incandescent. He stays away from the latter theatre. For the first time the picturegoer is discriminating. For the first time the Hollywood executive must be smart if he is to show a profit. For the first time the Hollywood executive is in show business and, gosh, how he dreads it!

Hollywood! That little island of sex appeal entirely surrounded by paid admissions.

Profits from Peace in China

(Continued from Page 139)

source of revenue instead of an expense is another question—and one on which experience throws little light since the only case in which precisely the sort of plan discussed has actually been tried is that of the Suiyuan irrigation project on which the revenue producing stage has not yet been reached.

Strictly and narrowly speaking, there would be a distinct element of risk in putting money into such reconstruction undertakings in China on a loan basis. Against that, however, should be set the unquestionable fact that to put through such projects is to take the only direct and effective step toward hastening peace and prosperity in that country. There is a reasonable chance that loans for such undertakings would be repaid. There is the certainty that less directly perhaps but no less really money spent in this way would prove to be well invested because of the increase in trade which peace and prosperity would bring.

In certain cases, the business returns would be direct and prompt—building motor roads, for example. China's motor road mileage has increased since 1921 from virtually nothing to about 40,000 miles. The ratio of motor cars to miles has increased—now it is about a car to a mile. More roads urgently are needed. More roads will mean directly and proportionately more purchases of motor cars. At present not a little motor road building is being done by Chinese bus companies as a means of extending their very profitable business. They operate the roads privately, and charge tolls to other users, which pay for the building and upkeep of the roads.

For not much more than a million dollars, invested along with the substantial Chinese participation which could be secured, American motor car manufacturers could build ten thousand miles or more of motor roads across the great plains of central China. The demand for motor cars would increase enormously—and most of the business would go to Americans, to judge from the way American cars now dominate the Chinese market. Quite possibly the profits on the increased sales of American autos to China during the time it took to complete such a road building program would more than repay the entire million dollars. Thus the manufacturers would have their money back before they had finished spending it, even if they put the money in as a straight gift. Not to mention the profit which the oil companies would make on the gasoline used by the extra cars running on these extra miles.

The point need not be labored. The spectacular growth of China's foreign trade, in spite of civil wars, famines and general disorganization, is incontrovertible proof that an enormous increase in that trade will come with peace. The greater China's foreign trade, the greater the profit to the rest of the world—and unless American business men lose their energy, they should get their full share of that profitable trade.

Assuming that Americans profitably might put some money into the kind of reconstructive undertakings in China which will help toward peace, the question arises as to how the money should be raised and how handled. There are several ways. Some industrial group, like the automobile manufacturers, might undertake some particular piece of work like building one or two main motor highways. Some religious group, already interested in work in China, might undertake to put through some special irrigation or similar project. The American Catholics, for example, have put a million and more dollars into a University in Peiping. As an organization, they gave comparatively little to relief work in the great famine of 1928-30. They might undertake the Wei River valley irrigation project in Shensi—perhaps as a gift to aid the Chinese economically as they have aided them educationally. Such an act would be peculiarly appropriate because this

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of January 24, 1951

The Federal Grand Jury considered this week the recent charges that the International Chicle & Cough Drop Co., by introducing more than two per cent of advertising into their nationwide daily broadcast, had violated the Kapper Pure-Broadcast Act of 1935.

In an autobiographical article in the January, 1951, *American Magazine*, John D. Carnegie, president of the National Salvage Corporation, said that his first thousand dollars was made by the sale of balsam fir pillows made after the holidays from discarded Christmas trees.

A bill was introduced Monday in the State Senate at Albany adding the following words to the oath of office administered to all judges, magistrates and justices of the peace: "And I further swear that my appointment to office was obtained through no payment or promise of any kind whatever to any official, individual or organization."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and small charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Pennsylvania

IDEAL EASE, Mountainhome, Penna. A modern home for complete rest and comfort. Open the year round. Middle-aged and elderly people especially cared for. Private bath with each bedroom.

Vermont

PAYING GUESTS FALL AND WINTER. Vermont farm, attractive all year climate, excellent table, every modern convenience. Near Troy and Albany. One mile from village, charming home atmosphere. 1401 Outlook and Independent.

Let Us Help You Find the Right Hotel

•

We can give you information on hotels for North, South, East or West, wherever you plan to go, either in America or abroad. Rates, Reservations and complete information. Simply write:

•

Outlook Travel Bureau

TOURS AND TRAVEL

For all travel matters in
Great Britain and Europe consult
MAJOR W. T. BLAKE, LTD.
521-5th AVE., NEW YORK CITY
Murray Hill 1039
Head Office 199 Piccadilly, London, England

EUROPE 1931
SELECT TOURS from $695
VACATION TOURS from $340
Bermuda, West Indies,
Steamship Tickets, Cruises
TRANSATLANTIC TOURS
Thomas J. Killin, President
Founder of Stratford Tours
452 Fifth Avenue New York

EUROPE by private automobile, 57 days $720; 46 days $625; 40 days $525. Complimentary trip for securing small group.

Rail tours at moderate cost—54 days $590; 68 days $695. Write for particulars.

ARGONAUT TOURS
551 Fifth Avenue New York

BOARD

PHYSICIAN (experienced) and wife (nurse), highest personal, professional references, would accompany elderly couple, convalescing patient, south or abroad, for expenses. Address Strong, 16 St. James Place, Brooklyn.

JUST-A-HOME for tiny tots. Excellent care while parents travel. Protestant. Flora Whitford, 286 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

NURSING HOME—Offers excellent accommodation for invalids. Many rooms with private baths, living rooms. Graduate nurse in charge. 1573 Outlook and Independent.

EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS are offered in physician's home to elderly person or one looking for homelike surroundings. For terms and particulars address, Mrs. C. J. Hyde, 63 Gulf St., Milford, Conn.

CULTURED and experienced couple will give excellent care to one or two small children in private home. Protestant. References. J. E. HANSEN, 1922 West 49th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

REFINED CHURCH WOMAN—widowed—desires position as Nurse-Companion. Speaks English, French and German. Can do parish work. References given and required. Address C. W., 301 Outlook and Independent.

TUTOR wishes position. 9610 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION. American woman desires position with elderly lady going abroad. 9620 Outlook and Independent.

SITUATIONS WANTED

WIDOW. College woman, Southerner, Protestant, desires position as companion. Have had experience in practical nursing of invalids. References exchanged. Address "R", Outlook and Independent.

SECRETARIAL WORK, by widow. Ten years' experience, excellent references. Would consider household supervision, companion work, practical nursing. Mrs. A. B. Lloyd, 901 Elmwood St., Shreveport, Louisiana.

POSITION desired as companion nurse or housekeeper. References exchanged. 9623 Outlook and Independent.

UNIVERSITY graduate desires position travelling companion, courier, tutoring. Available February to April. Abroad two summers. Highest references. 154 Orange Road, Montclair, N. J.

AVAILABLE: Experienced organizers and directors, financial, membership campaigns: Civic, college, hospital, philanthropic, fraternal. Publicity, public relations, speakers. Vigorous modern methods. Now completing successful campaign. Reasonable fee. 9625 Outlook and Independent.

BOOKS

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE MOVIES? Accepted any form. Criticism, development, revision, copyright, marketing. Write for free booklet! DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite "O," 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teachings; literature mailed on request. PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEwhere may be read for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately printed editions and unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, INC., Dept. F 4, 45 W. 45th Street, New York City.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

CHESS OR CHECKERS
Buy of the manufacturer.
Write for price list.
C. H. Bird, Bethlehem, Conn.

"DELICIOUS" LARGE WHITE EGGS. Sweet flavored. New laid. Family trade N. Y. City and vicinity. Booklet free. SHOREACRES EGG FARM, Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

WM. A. MARTIN DETECTIVE BUREAU. Confidential information of any nature obtained. Services available anywhere. Registered 7 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Suite 704, Murray Hill 3406.

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Pencil Biter" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANADIAN WOMAN, without connections in this country, would enjoy correspondence from Western or Southern states. Credentials. Sense of humor. 1597 Outlook and Independent.

COLORED ENLARGEMENTS. Send your favorite negative with description of coloring desired and we will make you a beautiful 8" by 10" hand colored enlargement. Enclose money order for $1.00. DALLAS WALTMAN, 2528 Charleston St., Chicago, Ill.

INSTRUCTION

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN
Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you through our Personal Coaching Plan, and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room DA-5843, Washington, D. C.

May We Present Your Advertisement in these Columns?

•

Your advertisement placed in these columns will reach our 85,536 alert well-informed subscribers. Outlook assures the advertiser class circulation with real buying power, at a minimum rate. Write:

•

Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

region is one of the earliest in which Catholic missionary work started in China.

Out of the several organizations engaged in raising funds for famine relief work in China in the past couple of years, or in some other way, a sort of community chest for all American relief work in China might be formed, through which money could be used in relief-and-preventive undertakings on a loan or gift basis. The Near East Foundation, which succeeded the Near East Relief when the emergency need ended in that part of the world, might serve as a model.

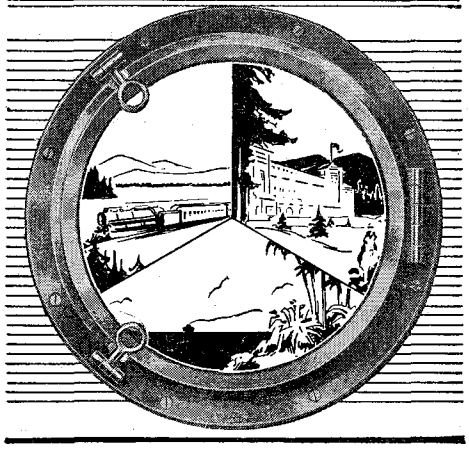
Certainly, in this connection, it would seem desirable to get some sort of coherence in dealing with the recurring appeals from China for relief—some organization, much skeletonized during normal times, which would keep in touch with conditions, speak authoritatively as to the needs, and see that money given for relief work was used wisely and with constructive results. Americans have given generously for relief in China. They should organize the giving and the use of the gifts more intelligently.

There are other things to be done and other means of handling the money for doing them. The three specific suggestions made here indicate but by no means exhaust the possibilities.

Economic rehabilitation not only is the first essential in getting secure peace in China, it also is the most direct means of stimulating that large growth of China's foreign trade which peace will bring. American money can be put to work to help get peace in China, quite apart from governmental or other political complications on either side. Business, specifically missionary interests, and those generally who are concerned with such matters, each can have a channel for action. Through whatever channel such reconstructive projects are undertaken, the condition of the Chinese people will be improved, the restoration of peace in China will be hastened—and large new markets for American goods will be developed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Magnolias and Mocking Birds

Great trees bearing waxen white flowers, long trails of gray moss from the live oaks, big saucy jay birds ("the tale bearers to the devil"), and the sweet-singing mocking birds, form some of the lovely and easily found background of a southern vacation. ¶ Even the beaches with firm white sand under foot and opal tinted horizon offer novelties in shells to the searcher,—the Holy Ghost shell, holding five tiny doves, is rarely seen in the North. ¶ The mild winter climate of the southern resorts invites all forms of outdoor exercise, from strolling to hunting, from golf to polo. ¶ For free details write Mrs. Kirkland, *director:*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 121)

Petersburg has supplied Congress with full data as to the many millions which our country has donated—quickly—to all sorts of foreign peoples in distress; yet, when it comes to the case of alleviating the imminent distress of our home people (and with funds in part paid by themselves) we encounter a strange thing—when Congress appropriates a round sum for taking care of our needs, the President refuses the use of any of this fund for the purchase of food. Mr. Hoover, the man who first came into notice by disposing of government money to feed the Belgians.

It may be perhaps, that he (as well as Congress and the general public) is misled by the flatulent statement of Mr. John Barton Payne, the head of the Red Cross, who has told the Congress that the Red Cross "has the starvation relief situation well in hand, and is taking care of all cases, with abundant resources." Let me correct this statement, however, for with respect to Mechlenburg County, Virginia, it is absolutely untrue.

Early in November, in response to appeals, an agent of the Red Cross arrived at our County Seat, Boydton, and made quite a flutter, and, while urgently insisting on subscriptions to the Red Cross, organized some local committees, and issued certain blanks and a series of rules to be followed before granting aid; these red-tape rules calculated to consume a week or ten days of time before aid could possibly be granted. It seems strange indeed that such foolhardy red-tape should surround the urgent business of life-saving, for it may be readily thought that no man possessed of ordinary pride will ask for alms until the last moment, when his condition may be critical. How then is he going to tide over the additional week or ten days? Fortunately, however, for the starving, one of our worthy citizens (Col. Lucius Gregory) has raised enough from local subscriptions to carry on the necessary aid, for, up to date, *not one single cent has been sent in by the Red Cross!* This necessary aid is now approximating $100 per day, and will soon be beyond the powers of this small town. In God's name let us find some way in which to make Congress understand the dire need, and *act.* If they are men and Americans they must act and act quickly.

F. SMITH.

Major Error

To the Editor: *Rosemont, Pa.*

SIR—In your issue of the 14th, in the article on Senator Norris on page 74 you say "he invariably wears a black *bow* tie," but turning to the photo on page 53, it would seem as though the Senator had on what is generally known as a *four-in-hand;* merely another instance of the fact that under the present editorship you are absolutely unreliable in your statements.

CHARLES WILSON.

Protest

To the Editor: *San Francisco*

SIR—I deplore the smart wisecracking attitude that has crept into your "Trend of Events." Why not, just for a change, be courteous to the Coolidges once in a while?

A disgusted subscriber,
S. L. BAKER.

Cheating the Public

To the Editor: *Montreal*

SIR—Creighton Peet's answer to Mr. Carl Laemmle's letter in the Outlook of Dec. 17 covered, in the plainest of English, just about everything that's wrong with the movies. I admired his frankness and bluntness in "putting him right."

"No other business has been so high handed," is one of his condemning sentences to which I heartily agree, but he did not stress this emphatically enough regarding stage plays with changed names. High-handed is too mild a term to describe that practice, racketeering would be better.

In good faith I went to see one of Mr. Laemmle's latest productions, "The Cat Creeps," and when the film started I found that it was nothing more or less than "The Cat and the Canary." Now, I've nothing against "The Cat and the Canary"; it is a good play but not so good that I want to see it twice in six months and especially when I went to see "The Cat Creeps," which was advertised as a "thriller"—the type of play everyone likes to see occasionally. Well, we the poor public got "gyped"; the movies took our money under false pretenses, and half way through the picture I left in disgust, feeling very much like one who had been made a fool of . . . Just let the public know that you are fooling them—then watch out. Mr. Laemmle and his movie confreres might do well to think this over. To quote Mr. Peet again, "Everybody doesn't go to the movies" and less people will go in future if producers persist in camouflaging titles in order to get capacity houses.

D. MCSWEENEY.

Bouquet

To the Editor: *Oakland, Calif.*

SIR—I feel it a duty to express my appreciation of the continued improvement of your journal. It gets better and better ever since it took over the *Independent.* If it has a fault it is in being so consistently interesting from cover to finish that it demands too much time. But one cannot lay it down. I take fourteen periodicals and this is one of two that I always open immediately on arrival.

COURTNEY ROWLAND.

Ulterior Motives

To the Editor: *Low Moor, Va.*

SIR—You seem grieved in spirit because certain suspicious drys insist on imputing to you motives other than altruistic in advocating the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

You have small right to be surprised. Unless you can present a constructive platform that appeals to the common sense of the multitude—to say nothing of moral sense—you are apt to engender the suspicion that there is a "nigger in the woodpile."

He that tears down must build better than he destroys—else he becomes a nuisance. We are told in one breath that the situation is intolerable. That it is impossible to stop the flood from Canada, Bimini and elsewhere. And in the next breath we are told that the solution for the whole vexed matter is state control—for thirty-six dry states to stop the flood from twelve wet states, and from Canada, Bimini, etc., in the bargain.

You answer that the price drop will stop bootlegging, etc. Wholly regardless of the fact that it is not the chance for gain, but the thirst of men that is the crux of the matter, and that if federal control continues, and it is difficult to get liquor from wet Maryland to dry Virginia, the high price will continue, and the situation be a thousand times involved.

There is an enormous recrudescence of gambling in the last fifteen years. Why? There is no amendment, no Volstead law against gambling. Prominent judges tell us that perjury is rife in the courts. Why? There is no amendment, no Volstead law against perjury—I asked a doctor a few years ago—before the eighteenth amendment was passed—he told me that immorality was largely increasing—yet, no amendment, no Volstead law—so with murder and similar pleasantries—no amendment, no blanket federal law.

But in the case of the Eighteenth Amendment, the outcry is that the whole crime situation is caused by the amendment. And for the solution, one-state control, that has been thoroughly tried and found wanting, long years ago. It was the futility of all such partial control systems, by reason of the willingness of men to break the law, that led to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Which leads to another remark—the amendment would never have caused such a situation if there had not been already in the hearts of men, a widespread readiness to break the law. Whence? The answer for that goes back into the spiritual sphere, which I will not here question.

No, Mr. Editor. Unless you can present some really constructive and effective legislative platform to take its place, you had better leave the amendment alone. And until you do present such a platform, you must not be amazed if the people suspect you of an ulterior motive.

A. S. RACHAL.

Miscast

To the Editor: *Glen Ellyn, Ill.*

SIR—The Eighteenth Amendment *must not* be repealed and I will do all I can to prevent such action. You should find some other occupation than to father a cause which you know is wrong.

There are prophets and false prophets, but you are in the category of the "wild jackasses."

C. A. STULTZ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED